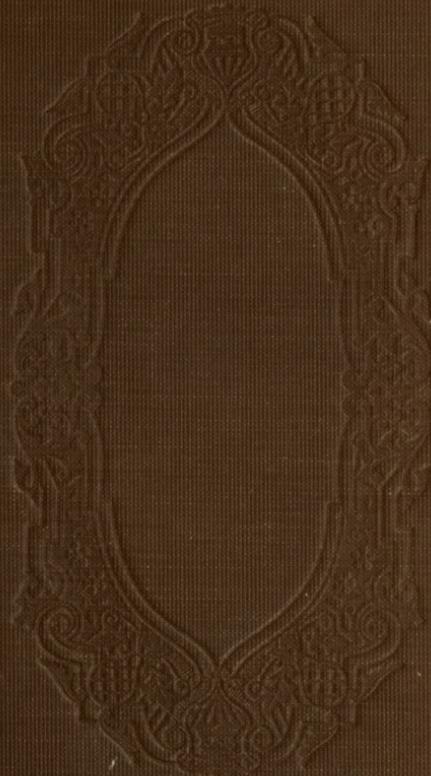




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RECORDS  
OF  
A LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP

1807 — 1882







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RECORDS OF A  
LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP

1807 :: 1882

RALPH WALDO EMERSON  
AND  
WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS

EDITED BY H. H. F.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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## INTRODUCTION

*In the invaluable Journals of Mr. Emerson, now issuing from the press under the excellent editing of his son, there occur, now and again, regretful assertions by Mr. Emerson, when introspectively analyzing his own mind, of the coldness of his temperament. At the early age of twenty he taxes himself with this lack of gentiality, and asserts, that ‘What is called a warm heart, I have not.’<sup>1</sup> — Again, ‘It seems I am cold, and when shall I kindle? I was born cold. My bodily habit is cold. I shiver in and out; don’t heat to the good purposes called enthusiasm a quarter so quick and kindly as my neighbours.’<sup>2</sup> — Again, ‘I am cold and solitary.’<sup>3</sup> — Again, ‘Most of the persons whom I see in my own house I see across a gulf. I cannot go to them nor they come to me. Nothing can exceed the frigidity and labour of my speech with such.’<sup>4</sup>*

*In all these reflections, we must bear in mind, however, that they are his own judgements on himself, confided to a private Journal, and, therefore, likely to be too severe. Indeed, his son asserts it to be certain that he ‘greatly magnified his supposed lack of sympathetic quali-*

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i, p. 366.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. ii, p. 166.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii, p. 123.

<sup>4</sup> Ib. i, p. 361.

*ties.'*<sup>1</sup> It is not for one instant to be supposed that this coldness included his domestic relations. Within the sacred circle of home his love was unconfin'd. This cold reserve existed only outside, in the world; the nearer the approach to the warmth of home and hearth, the more this coldness thawed. Nay, this is intimated by himself in a letter to Margaret Fuller, written in 1843, whereof the following extract may not unfitly introduce the present collection of letters:—

‘In Philadelphia I had great pleasure in chatting with Furness, for we had ten or a dozen years to go over and compare notes upon. . . . And he is the happiest companion. Those are good companions to whom we have the keys. . . . Furness is my dear gossip, almost a gossip for the gods, there is such a repose and honour in the man. He is a hero-worshipper, and so collects the finest anecdotes, and told very good stories of Mrs. Butler [Mrs. Fanny Kemble], Dr. Channing, etc. I meant to add, a few lines above, that the tie of schoolfellow and playmate from the nursery onward is the true clanship and key that cannot be given to another.’

It is Mr. Emerson’s correspondence with this ‘Furness’ that is here printed. I cannot but believe that it will serve to lighten the severity of the criticisms recorded by Mr. Emerson himself on the coldness of his own temperament, and also to show that, in its final analysis,

<sup>1</sup> EMERSON IN CONCORD, p. 212.

*this coldness was merely a shrinking sensitiveness that only needed to be dissipated through the assurance afforded by a proved or lifelong friendship.*

Dr. Holmes says that Mr. Emerson was ‘constitutionally fastidious.’<sup>1</sup> This might account for his reserve, but possibly might not have been likely to escape the ‘searchlight’ which Mr. Emerson himself was wont to turn so mercilessly upon all recesses in his own mind.

In speaking of Mr. Emerson’s dignified deportment, Dr. Holmes asks, ‘What man was he who could lay his hand familiarly upon his shoulder and call him *Waldo*?’<sup>2</sup> I am very certain that my father would not have hesitated on any fit occasion to lay his hand familiarly on his old friend’s shoulder, but he would not, possibly, have called him ‘Waldo’—it would have been, very probably, ‘Ralph.’ It was not until College days that ‘Waldo’ was adopted, and my father’s admiration and love originated in boyhood, and in them ‘Ralph’ was imbedded. He tried to change to ‘Waldo,’ but never with complete success. I have heard him when talking to Mr. Emerson, use both names indifferently.

*My father was never careful in the preservation of letters. There is many a gap in the present collection due to loss and to the importunities of autograph hunters. In several cases the dates are conjectural; some have been*

<sup>1</sup> RALPH WALDO EMERSON, p. 366.

<sup>2</sup> Ib. p. 368.

*supplied by the kindness of Dr. Edward W. Emerson, without whose gracious permission I should not have ventured on this publication of his father's private letters.*

*In the ensuing pages neither correspondent seems weary of referring to the prowess achieved, in childhood, by the one as a poet and by the other as an artist. A consummation in both realms survives in a 'Poem,' called Fortus, by Ralph Emerson, aged ten, and illustrated by William Furness, aged eleven.*

*Mr. Cabot discovered<sup>1</sup> that this 'Poem' is still in existence; and with a clue supplied through him, I was enabled to communicate with the fortunate possessors of the time-worn and faded MS, now almost in the hundredth year of its existence.*

*The present representative of the original owner, Mr. Edward Parish Noyes, to whom my thanks are greatly due and gladly given, at once, with courteous liberality, sent the MS for use in the present publication. There are but two illustrations, one on the front page, the other on the last; neither, I think, can be regarded without a smile, tolerant yet broad. Be it not supposed that great value is to be attached to these infantile triumphs of either poet or artist; as the solitary records of those early*

<sup>1</sup> " 'Fortus,' with Dr. Furness's illustrations, still survives, in the possession of the Rev. Daniel Noyes at Byfield." — **MEMOIR**, p. 43. Footnote.

*years they may be regarded, however, as are straws to a drowning man, not because, as has been said, there is any value in the straws, but because they are the only things there. And yet I do not shame to say that the childish handwriting and stilted language of the little poet, and the anatomical monstrosity of horse and rider by the little artist are, to me, an admirer and the son, replete with a tender charm.<sup>1</sup>*

*Associated with Mr. Emerson and my father in very early childhood there was a third little boy, Sam Bradford by name. Long years afterward it happened that two of the comrades in this triple friendship, simultaneously begged the third, Mr. Emerson, to pay them a visit; whereupon Mr. Emerson wrote to Sam Bradford<sup>2</sup> that William Furness and himself 'were first acquainted at Mrs. Whitwell's School,—aged 4 & 5,—& you & I never until 5 or 6; so he plainly has the oldest claim,' and then he added 'I believe all three of us have agreed not to grow old,—certainly not to each other.'*

*In some MS Reminiscences of my father, there is the following:—'With R. W. E. is associated my good life-long friend, Sam Bradford (now for many years past Treasurer of The Reading Railroad). I remember having those two boys to spend the afternoon with me.*

<sup>1</sup> The Poem, with its Illustrations, is given in the Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, p. 164.

*We played on the floor in my mother's chamber. At tea — my mother & we boys were the only company — I do not recollect where the rest of the family were, — we had cake on the table, and Sam cried : “ Oh Ralph, you have had two pieces ! ” The circumstance is imprinted on my memory by the fact that, after my guests were gone, my mother reverted to it, & told me that “ It was not proper to remark on another's eating ” — I have often thought that ever since R. W. E. has always had two pieces — double — not indeed of cake or bread, tho' I believe he has always had abundance of those, but of that richer food which has strengthened him to feed us all.*

‘ Sam ’ was the son of Sheriff Bradford, of Boston, whose official cocked hat and profusion of gold lace created awe and fear in my father's young breast. Under the gold lace there beat, however, a gentle and generous heart. For several years after the death of Mr. Emerson's father, when the widow and her children were struggling with dire poverty, there came every three months, from an unknown hand, the gift of ten dollars ; equivalent at present to five times as much, I suppose, in purchasing power. In a letter<sup>1</sup> to his brother William, after Sheriff Bradford's death, when Ralph was sixteen years old, the latter says : — ‘ The quarterly ten-dollar present from the “ unknown friend ” has been discontinued two quarters, which confirms mother's suspicion of Sheriff

<sup>1</sup> See Cabot, *MEMOIR*, Vol. i, p. 51.

*Bradford's being the source.' It is pleasant to know that there was this unseen and unknown bond linking in friendship little Sam and little Ralph.*

*In May, 1875, Mr. Emerson was in Philadelphia, and the happy thought was started of having him, and Mr. Sam Bradford, and my father, 'The Three Boys,' photographed in a group. It was taken in more than one pose; one of these has been published, I believe. But the first pose, which was discarded, is to me, in one regard, far and away the best, in that it is eminently characteristic both of Mr. Emerson, and of my father, who was, at the photographic instant, so lost in gazing with admiration at his friend, that he utterly forgot himself and, in resting his face in his hand, quite hid his own features. This gaze Mr. Emerson returned and unconsciously responded to it; his 'face is as a book wherein one may read' his lifelong love for my father from childhood onwards. In no other portrait of Mr. Emerson that I have ever seen has his benignant and exquisitely sweet and characteristic smile been so happily caught. My father had a photographic enlargement made of the head alone of Mr. Emerson. It hung until his death in his study, and he never varied the assertion that it is the best ever taken; in it he could distinctly and vividly trace the features and the expression of the little boy in petticoats, with whom he played with wooden blocks on the floor of his mother's room.*

*Twice the position of the three sitters was changed by the photographer. But with what disastrous results ! Three respectable, elderly gentlemen more self-conscious it would be hard to match ! One of these changes is also here reproduced.*

*There is one topic which, during several years, forms the subject of some of the following letters, and needs, perhaps, a few words of explanation.*

*In 1843 there was published by Carey & Hart of this city, an Annual, called The Gift. Annuals such as Heath's Book of Beauty, The Souvenir, The Keepsake, etc. abounded at that time, at home and abroad, but The Gift assumed a position loftier and more patriotic than that of all others published in this country. 'The present volume of The Gift is,' say the publishers in their preliminary Advertisement, 'in every respect an American work. The contributions are by American authors, — the illustrations by American artists.'*

*Among the names of the contributors appear Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Charles West Thompson, Mrs. Sigourney, W. G. Simms, and Edgar A. Poe, who contributed 'The Pit and the Pendulum.' Paintings by D. Huntington, Inman, Malbone, Sully and others, were finely engraved by John Cheney and J. I. Pease. Among 'Annuals,' fashionable at that time in America, it was easily the first. To this day, the engravings cannot be over-*

looked in any history of the art in America, and Poe's story is of enduring interest.

The leading spirit and the forming hand in its publication was Mr. Edward L. Carey, a young man of culture and refinement, whose frail health confined him to his home, where he surrounded himself with choice works of art by native and British artists in painting and sculpture. He gave timely and generous encouragement to all young artists in whom he discerned capabilities of eminent promise. It was, I believe, from him that such artists as Huntington, Mount, and Leutze received their early recognition. It was through his influence and greatly through his means that Leutze was sent to study art in Düsseldorf.

My father was a warm personal friend of Mr. Carey, by whom he was consulted on sundry matters of detail in the literary 'make up' of this edition of *The Gift*. In the preparation of the edition for 1844, however, my father took a more active interest, and, in the subsequent issues, and when *The Gift* was merged in *The Diadem*, he became, wholly as a labour of love, the chief editor. Then it was that he turned at once to his old friend, Mr. Emerson, as their correspondence shows, and with what success is evinced by '*The Poet's Apology*,' '*Loss and Gain*,' '*A Fable*,' '*The World Soul*,' and others, which appeared in these Annuals; I believe for the first time.

Mr. Carey died in 1845, after the material had been

*gathered and arranged for The Diadem for 1846. There was one other issue of it in 1847. But, deprived of Mr. Carey's fostering and liberal hand, this issue was, I believe, the last.*

*A list of Mr. Emerson's contributions, in prose and verse, to The Gift and The Diadem, will be found in the Appendix.*

*In my father's copy of Mr. Cabot's Memoir, I find, in my sister's handwriting, the following words by my father. They were evidently uttered in compliance with a request from her. I cannot but believe that they will be here as reverently read as they were lovingly and reverently spoken:—*

*‘I have little to say of our sainted friend that has not been said better by Mr. Cabot & others — I cannot remember when he was not given to letters, any more than I can recollect when I first knew him. We learned our A. B. C. together. I have only one reminiscence of his enjoying a boy's play, & that was on the floor of my mother's chamber in our old house in Federal Street, where I was born.*

*‘We went to the Public Latin School together. The morning session of the school closed at XI. o'clock. He & I went together for an hour to a private school kept from XI. to XII. by Master Webb in one of the other schools. We went solely to learn to write and to cypher — The*

*schoolhouse was large, the private pupils few. We two boys were allowed to sit apart from the other boys, where we pleased ; we always sat together, Ralph and I—he was between 9 and 10 years of age—I was eleven. He used to write verses about our naval battles, such as the fight between “The Constitution” and “The Guerrier”—to my great admiration, which he repaid by admiring my drawings—I was somewhat famous as an artist in those days. The Boston Huzzars, who at that time adopted a magnificent uniform, furnished superb subjects for my slate-pencil. When, much later in life, we were separated and I received his first letter, I recollect I was struck with the flowing ease of his handwriting, remembering how at Mr. Webb’s school he labored over his copy-book, with his tongue out of his mouth, and working up and down with the strokes of his pen—I remember too, how he sneered at me, because I gave one of my drawings to another boy in exchange for one by him, which represented merely a building ; he was given to architectural art, and depicted edifices with most imposing colonnades. Ralph had genius in abundance, but no talent. I never knew him attempt to draw anything, not even the conventional cat with the triangular face, which almost any boy or girl could do and does do.*

‘ Miss Ellen Emerson said to me on the day of her father’s funeral, that her mother had not been terrified, as she herself had been, at the prospect, had his life been

*prolonged. The failure of his memory was so great, that, had he lingered longer, he might, as is not seldom the case, have failed to recognise his own children. Had he lived and been reduced to this condition, I believe that Sam Bradford and I, associated as we were with his earliest years, would have been the last he would have failed to remember.*

*‘I cannot analyse his character, and tell you what manner of person he was. One trait was very conspicuous, the perfect serenity of his temper to all who had any acquaintance with him. He had the closest affinity with all that is good and true. I asked him once, as we were walking together here, in Philadelphia, if he did not see something good in the physiognomy of the people he met in the streets, ‘O yes,’ he exclaimed, ‘the angel Gabriel is ever coming round the corner.’ It was this disposition that led him to magnify everyone who said anything that struck him and into which he himself probably put a significance that the speaker had no thought of. Many of his geese were swans.*

*‘But, I repeat, I have neither the wish nor the ability to dissect my friend, and show how exquisite was his organization. As Wordsworth says, in his Essay on Epitaphs, we do not willingly analyse the characters of those we love and revere, the light of love in our hearts is sufficient evidence of a body of worth in our friends, from which that love and reverence have proceeded.*

*‘My own obligations to my life-long friend are beyond telling. You know how deeply and how long I have been trying to ascertain the simple historical truth concerning Him, whom I have learned to consider the greatest by far of all our teachers. Emerson has said things here and there, that have flashed light as from Heaven upon the pages of the New Testament as I have read them.*

‘W. H. F.

‘March-1888—’

*In reprinting the ensuing letters, the only liberty which has been taken, is to supply in brackets a word accidentally omitted in the MS, and this is done not as a proof of the Editor’s superior intelligence, but by way of assurance to the reader that the MS has been faithfully followed. Lack of punctuation or of quotation marks, abbreviations, or even mis-spellings, it is, I think, no part of an editor to correct. They are evidences of haste or of character, or of familiarity, and, as such, should be preserved. Certainly any intelligent reader is quite as competent as an editor to correct or supply them.*

H. H. F.

September, 1910.



## LETTERS



## I

Concord, 24 October, 1837.

My dear friend,

I heartily thank you for your kindest letter & affectionate overestimate after your wont, of an old friend; I plead guilty to ingratitude so irresistibly brought home to me by your malicious recollection of sacred truth whose triumph ceased awhile. Our being is still unique—Childhood & manhood are not two things but one so long as we know that somewhere lives a good friend who is witness to the whole thing. So neither you nor Sam Bradford nor I are like to deny ourselves. And for you, I almost grudge now to break the silence we have kept which had its own charm inasmuch as the good understanding was perfect.

Who can help loving Lamb of whom you speak so warmly, and who that loves felicity of speech but must account him the master of it in this age. And yet I do not read him again. Hedge calls me too utilitarian. I crave bread *and* beauty of all my books, and Lamb who is the Benvenuto Cellini of writers adds nothing to my stock with all his engraving. Yet I certainly

read that letter in Moxon's Recollections of Cole-ridge about pig with unmixed glee.

Carlyle sent me out sometime since a copy of his History. I dully plotted how to get some twenty copies over, that he might be benefitted, but two days ago somebody [said] you might have made \$500 for the man out of Sartor. So today I went to Boston to see the booksellers & have told them maugre James Munroe's Proposals that I am going to publish this book for the Author's benefit & they may offer me the best terms they will. Tomorrow Hilliard & Gray will give me an estimate. We think of a cheap book, two vols. about the size of Sartor to contain the three. It is itself an admirable work—very interesting narrative, every character sharply drawn, though sometimes you may doubt whether a character is historically true, but the story is as true as sagacity research & sifting could make it. So you must bid all good men & libraries buy the book as Teufelsdroek is to have every dollar we can make.

Did you ever meet a young man who keeps school in Philadelphia Benjamin P. Hunt. When a boy at school to me in Chelmsford here he was a philosopher whose conversation made all the social comfort I had. He went to Cambridge but quitted College in some disgust & has been at P. ever since. He was here last summer & I thought the people he lived with

had done him no good, but meeting Alcott at my house he seemed suddenly to reverence the dreams of his youth. If you should meet him, do salute the Good Angel in him.

I shall always love you for loving Alcott. He is a great man: the god with the herdmen of Admetus. I cannot think you know him now, when I remember how long he has been here; for he grows every month. His conversation is sublime. Yet when I see how he is underestimated by cultivated people I fancy none but I has heard him talk.

Will you not come hither next summer? If so, do come & spend a day with me. My wife reads you & venerates you — then I brag that I went to school with him to Miss Nancy Dickson and spelt out the House that Jack built, on his red handkerchief.

With my regards to Mrs. Furness & my love, when you see him, to Sam Bradford, I am

Yours affectionately,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

## II

Concord, 29 December, 1837.

My dear Sir,

Messrs. Little & Brown ask me what they shall do with the copies of Carlyle for the subscribers you have so kindly procured at Philadelphia; and they inform me in reply to their own question that the best way to save expense in their distribution is to address them in a package to you & beg you to engage one of those persons who run for booksellers to carry them round to the subscribers & receive the price. This they tell me is a regular business, is paid by a small fee & that your bookseller can designate for you a person without giving you any inconvenience. On this representation I ventured to direct them to send the books to you. If they are wrong & this course involves trouble to you, you will of course commit them directly to a bookseller & I will pay his commissions for distributing them. You perceive that what makes us bold to put the Ways & Means on you is to keep for Teufelsdroek as much as we can of the half dollar which he saves of booksellers commission by the subscription. — Have I told you the bargain we drive?

The cost of a copy \$1.12 or near it, the booksellers commission 20 per cent on retail price 2.50 = 50 cents the copy. Therefore if all sell, Carlyle shall have 1.37 on every subscribed copy & 87 cents on every one sold otherwise.

My unskilfulness has made a long story of a simple fact & I throw myself on your kind construction in regard to the whole matter. I am wading — sometimes overhead — in the most ambitious Course of Lectures — a little precipitately undertaken — once a week a new subject, & each subject the Universe seen from one side; so that the Lecturers task seems to me nothing less than Puck's "I will put a girdle round about the world in forty minutes" — say sixty rather. And my health being slender I can scarce remember out of the creative hubbub in the brain whether ever I thanked you for your subscription list & the love it manifested. I hope the Scottish man [Carlyle] will come & heartily thank you himself one day. Meantime I am quite sure you will like the book & owe it happy hours. Affectionately

Your old friend

R. WALDO EMERSON

### III

Concord, 20 September 1838

My dear friend,

I have already delayed too long to answer your kindest letter thinking I would wait for my promised book<sup>1</sup> (which, no doubt, is in Boston for me, where I have not been for a fortnight) but I will wait no longer. It is the pleasure of your affection & nobleness to exaggerate always the merits of your friends — I know the trait of old from Mr. Webb's school onward, and so I delight now as much as then in the smiles & commendations of my Maecenas. But how can you keep so good a nature from boy to man. Nobody but you & my brother Edward would praise the verses to the immortal Hull! nor could be induced, though I read them never so often. And now the case is scarcely altered; everybody thinks my things shocking, but you and a few generous hearts who must be to me for Edward. I love to know you are there. Every word that comes or ever came to me from you or of you is good (excepting for the last year tidings of ill

<sup>1</sup> JESUS AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS. By W. H. Furness, Philadelphia, 1838.

health) and every year is adding the riches of high accomplishments to your image. It would please me better if once in a year I could shake hands with you, & by and by, — for old friends are becoming rare with me, — I think we may both be willing to go some miles to meet. Now we can both work for some time longer, in the good faith that we work to the same end, & each with the allowance & love of his friend.

I am very glad the book is out, & on its way to me. I should have soon seen it for the satisfaction of my own curiosity. Its elder brother<sup>1</sup> I liked very much. It has the philosophical point of view to which all men must come, & it reverences man on every page. I thought it the very bridge which men want to carry them with whole feet from the popular theology to the philosopher's closet. And I doubt not a benefit accrues to society from so good a book more than you can know. That it gives some offence is a good sign.

If you do not come here, how shall I show you Carlyle's letters? If I knew any trustiest hand of man going straight to your door, I think I should send you a bundle to read. How do you like John Sterling's poem 'The Sexton's Daughter' in Blackwood for July? Do you read Tennyson? a beautiful half of a poet. There is a young man at Cambridge, a Tutor,

<sup>1</sup> REMARKS ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. By W. H. Furness, Philadelphia, 1836.

Jones Very, who has written a noble paper (MS) on Shakspeare, which I have just been reading. Yet I am distressed to hear that he is feared to be insane. His critique certainly is not. What new books or new old ones? I have just read two with great satisfaction, Heeren's Egypt, & the Historical part of Goethe's Farbenlehre.

When you see Samuel Bradford, give my love to him.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

S. X. after whom you inquire, is said to be Theophilus Parsons.

## IV

Concord, 13 April, 1840.

My dear friend,

Your kind letter with Samuel Bradford's appendix was forwarded to me by my brother from New York last week and should have had an earlier acknowledgment. I was very happy to receive it, though it came to me too late to profit by, as I was already for some days quietly at home again. But your handwriting has always to me the friendliest Parnassian look — how much more grateful when it conveys your old affection & the added good will of your friend, Mrs. Morrison. But I fancy myself now to be seated in good earnest to set in some order my accumulating manuscripts to burn some to blot revise enlarge redact others & see if I cannot get by such exhaustive process the value of the mass. I tried the same work last summer for a time, but did not get far. Perhaps, by resolution, & the favor of the Muse, & refusing all invitations to Philadelphia, I may get, by the autumn to the extent of a volume of Essays, perhaps two.

There seem to me so few ready to speak what

multitudes are plainly waiting to hear, & wondering that they do not hear, that I feel at times a certain urgency to write some deliberate words on the great questions which we all silently revolve. Wherever I go I meet many persons who if you will address them as human beings and not as camp-followers or appendages to this Grand Caravan of Society will eagerly own the salute as an honor & a great obligation. Then I think I will never speak another syllable *supposing* this wearisome mountainous folly of the Church & the State, but will abolish them from my thought & begin the world anew with every word and speak as a rational man to a rational man. But such resolutions are hard to keep. Yet I do not quite despair.—I would gladly have gone to Phila. on some accounts. It is high time that you & I should meet & compare notes & bring up our accounts of thought & experience now of long standing to the present time. I was greatly disappointed at not seeing you in Boston when you were last there, & never knew what prevented the meeting on which I so much depended. Do not baulk me again when you come northward.

You ask of the Carlyle books. He has received thus far in money only the profits of the French Revolution from us, say \$740.00 and is yet to receive on that acct. a small balance say \$40.00 more, for to this day our accounts in this country for that book are not quite

settled. He has besides received from us 260 copies of the Four Vols. of the Miscellanies costing us something more than \$1000.00 but worth to him, we hope, more than twice that sum as they sell the book in London at more than double our price. This outfit went as the profits of the Vols. 1 & 2 of the Miscellanies: Our Vols. 3 & 4 is still in great part unsold & on that score Carlyle [is] in debt to us for almost the whole expense of the edition. Then we have published a second edition of 500 copies of the Vols. 1 & 2, which brings him in debt still more & lastly he sent out in the winter 500 copies of his London Edit "Fr. Rev." of which the duties at our Custom House were considerable whilst our bookseller yet for two months speaks no word of returns. In this way Carlyle is at this moment on our debit side for a considerable sum, but in a way of paying us & reaping a good reward himself. He is assured of a profit of \$1000. from the two first vols. of Miscellanies; of about the same from the Vols 3 & 4 if the whole shall be sold, & \$500. from his London Edit. of the History when that is gone in Boston. I wish I could tell you a better story — and this is only based on the bookseller's statement in January, & he is now preparing a new face for April. I have just put "Chartism" to press, and do depend on sending you a copy of the same in a week or two; so do not buy an English copy.

I wrote *fine* on the other page in order to leave room on this to write a note to Saml Bradford but there is none. So do you give him my loving thanks for his kind invitation and say that it would give me great satisfaction to see him in his home — so would it to see him in mine. I acknowledge also Mrs Morrison's kindness. Tell her that Mr Alcott is here in Concord renting a Cottage & acre of land on which he stoutly intends to raise his own bread this summer by the help of God & his own spade.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.





V

Phila: April 27, '40.

My dear friend,

I was sorry to give up the hope of seeing you, but yr very welcome letter is some compensation, & I cannot find it hard to excuse you for denying us your bodily presence when you are making preparation to come nigh to all men with your thoughts. Pray let this summer be more successful than the last & produce two good vols. of Essays. I long to tell you, but I cannot, how much you move me, & how my spirit is stirred within me at the frivolous criticisms I hear & see passed upon your sayings. I ought not to wonder as I do that they are not noticed by you or some of us your friends. They do not deserve notice, & yet the answer is so ready that one can hardly resist the temptation to speak. Can it be that the Apocrypha is so little read that the world is ignorant whence your Storax, so offensive to some nostrils, came? Yr refusal to administer the Lord's Supper years ago, & your late omission of public prayer are both spoken of with an irrecognition of the existence of Quakers which is too ridiculous.—Every day I live

I am more & more impressed with the philosophical correctness of the phraseology of the New Test., especially those expressions 'it is given' 'it is not given.' People understand much or little as God wills, & they need grace more than brains. You say things which I do not take; but then I rest assured that they have a meaning & that, when, through a kind providence, I come to understand it, I shall confess that it is true & that it could not be better expressed. As I am rambling on now under an impulse, I must say one word more about that Storax. It is a mere matter of taste at the worst (or best, which is it?) and between our wise men & the author of Eccl. It brings up a College reminiscence. Brazer, who, as you remember was our Latin tutor gave us once a passage from Millot's Elements to turn into Latin. My classmate Person was the only one among us who recollects that the very passage (Alexander at the tent of Achilles) was to be found in one of Cicero's Orations, already done to hand. He forbore however to transcribe Cicero & contented himself with stealing only one word *praeco* if I remember aright. Now it chanced that our tutor, while he commended Person's translation, took exception to this one word as improper. His pupil quietly appealed to the Roman orator & the tutor got out of the scrape with the remark, "Oh! it is a mere matter of taste." Just

think of it! A college tutor discussing such a point with M. T. C.!

In your desire or rather your determination to throw off this mighty mass of prescription, whose crushing weight, like that of the atmosphere, is un-felt only by those who are themselves full of common air, who does not, more or less deeply, sympathise? O for George Fox's suit of leather! And yet why *abolish* from your mind, what the mind by its magic may alter & reform? It was wise advice which you gave the Divinity School, not to overthrow but revivify existing institutions. Pray did you reck your own rede (I ask for information) when you ceased from the Communion Service? The commemoration of the great—of the greatest seems to my apprehension founded immutably in nature. As a public benefactor, as the Guide & Deliverer of the world he is commemorated by numberless public institutions inscribed with his name & testifying to his influence. But may he not be commemorated as a personal friend? Are we not moved to commune with his memory, as the memory of one for whom we may cherish the deepest personal reverence? You gratified me by the good opinion you expressed of that humble labour of mine to elucidate the Gospels. It was & still is a pet & hobby. But I do not know whether you accord with me in my love of those won-

drous & enlightening facts of the life of Christ. To me they reveal much, much that is called speculation. If nothing but speculation, still it is not without interest. I learn, for instance, or think I do, something of this sort from the resurrection of Christ,—that a man who dies with a great idea or purpose at heart, is, by that idea, raised again. *That* it is which wakens him again, & by which he recollects himself & the future is joined to the past. Men who die with no living thought, *come* to life again, sooner or later through a kind providence, but *when* they come to themselves, seeing that they have no living self, Heaven only knows. They have nothing to remember themselves by. Why should not the works of Jesus be introduced within the circle of natural facts, instead of being excluded as anomalies? Do they not help us as no other facts do to enlarge our view of Nature? Do they not bear witness to spiritual forces? — But I will interrupt you no longer. Take this as a passing chat, and if you are moved to write me a line now and then, quench not the spirit. Goodbye—friendly remembrances to all.

Yr friend

W. H. FURNESS.

How we sneered & cavilled at a theme proposed to us once in college by S. Gilman “Greatness the

wise man's fetter." Methinks you must know how to treat it, seeing that you are called to bear a pretty large burthen of that street talk & reviewing which the world calls fame.

## VI

Concord, 11 March, 1843.

My dear Furness,

I grieve to write on this sheet the number of the day of the month, which, as I remember, was the latest day allowed in the liberty of contribution to Mr. Carey's "Gift," and yet not to send you the Contribution. When I left you, I confided in being lodged safely in my library some weeks earlier, and now I am just arrived at home, and New York has given me no space in which my little Parnassus could rear its leisurely head.

Now I have come to my broad accumulations of written paper, and will venture to promise to send you a few pages of prose or verse as soon as the 20th instant if Mr. Carey's volume is not complete. If it should be, I shall yet get something detached & in some sort finished, which, I will hope, shall answer somebody's purpose and shall at least testify my good will to a work which interests you, & my pleasant remembrance of your friend's beautiful chambers.

I did not find in Channings' MS. at New York such a copy of verses as I wished to send you; but I have

found the poet himself here at my house, & he says he will send me some good verses, if he can, in a few days. I go to Boston on Monday where I have not yet been, & thence shall go to you the last of the Dials, for the book draws nigh to its end, as I think. With affectionate recollections and joyful respect, I am

Your old friend

WALDO EMERSON

## VII

Concord, 19 March, 1843.

My dear friend,

After some rather violent endeavors to produce you a Poem, this modest piece of old prose has been extorted from a pile of yellowing paper: and if it is not adapted to Mr. Carey's purposes, he may burn it without a second thought. But I send with it two or three of Wm. Ellery Channing's little poems, some one of which I should be heartily glad to know suited Mr. Carey's design. Unhappily they are not his best pieces, but the best have either been printed already in the Dial, or because of their place in a little volume which we are going to print of his poetry, were not available. But as Channing is poor, & especially poor in what is called success, I shall be glad if he can have the comfort of a place in your friend's fine book. He is a man of real genius though with great inequalities. If these pieces are accepted and any remuneration is proposed, which, I understood you, was offered, will you let the prose & the verse be considered as *one* contribution, & the fee forwarded to Mr. Channing without notice to him of any other.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

I believe you must let me know, in case you do not print all the verses, *which* you select, and those shall be withdrawn from the volume we print. Possibly Channing may send you new poetry, for I have waited in vain for it for this pacquet.

## VIII

Phila. April 20, 43.

My dear friend,

I also rejoiced in heart to find that you considered Mr. Carey's fee generous. He is a princely fellow & submits silently to most exorbitant demands on the part of the contributors to the *Gift*, & is especially content when the price wh. he sets satisfies. I doubt whether any book made in these days is more purely the offspring of a love of Art than the *Gift*.

Mr. C. returned me 'The Warning' & 'An Arabian Song.' The other pieces he kept, 'Soldiers Graves' 'Restlessness' 'The Italian Painter's Song,' & another piece, I forget. —

I translated one of Zschocke's stories the other day, partly as an exercise in German. It is 'Leaves from the Journal of a poor Vicar in Wiltshire' & professes to be translated from the English of Goldsmith. It is to be sure the Vicar of Wakefield in different circumstances, but if it is an original English story, I don't understand how it has been let die in our mother tongue. I gave it to Mr. Carey to read, & he cried over it, & proposes to put it into the *Gift*, even

if it should turn out English revived. So I shall be happy to appear a joint contributor with you & other worthies of the Gift.

I read yr 'Europe & European books,' with satisfaction & was pleased to recognise it. What think you of that young man Whipple, who, I hear is in an Exchange Office in Boston, & who wrote that notice of Macaulay in the Boston Miscellany? Is n't he promising?

With a thousand good wishes

heartily yrs,

W. H. FURNESS.

## IX

Concord 12 Feby 1844

My dear friend,

I am very sorry that you should have to ask twice for anything which it seems so easy that I should supply. But I have just looked through in memory all my known repositories of prose & numerous verses, to uncover something that should be fit for Mr. Carey's elegant book, but without a clear & satisfactory result.

Here, however, are some verses from my friend Channing,—new virgin poems. If you like his poetry only half as well as I do, you will think me honourably represented by such a proxy, but I do not mean to decline a personal appearance in such good company, & so challenged; and if you will give me as long a day as last year, namely, to 15 March, (I think it was), I will send you some prose or verse, the best I can by that day. The bargain shall be the same as last year, that whatever fee Mr. Carey judges suitable to Channing's and mine united, shall be forwarded to Channing, as the price of his alone. I long to see you in New England, and am

Your affectionate old friend,

R. W. EMERSON.

Yes, print anything from the Dial you will.

# X

Phila : Feb. 15, 1844.

My dear friend,

You are caught beyond the possibility of escape — Mr. Carey adopts Timothy Dexter's<sup>1</sup> method. No warming pans, however well they may serve for molasses ladles, shall a soul have, unless a pair of skates be taken in the bargain. Mr. Channing's verses depend for admission into the Gift & for the consequent pay, upon an article, prose or poetry, from you. Take your own time (the 15th of March) but do pray be inspired & sing us a song. Pray don't think I would wheedle you out of a contribution, for I am bursting to tell you that though we have many that are called poets, — the politeness of the world is great, — yet you are my American Poet. In this opinion I only

<sup>1</sup> An eccentric character, half knave and half fool, who amassed a large fortune after the close of the Revolutionary War, — an incarnation of Midas, whatever he touched turned to gold. As a practical joke, it is said, he was induced to send to Jamaica a solid cargo of warming pans and skates. It turned out that the warming pans could be converted into most convenient and expeditious skimmers for the vats of boiling sugar, and became at once in extraordinary demand at a large profit, but no one was permitted to purchase one unless with it he also bought a pair of skates. The venture proved to be extremely profitable. — ED.

return to my first love — to the time when the Constitution frigate found her Homer in Mr. Webb's writing school. How I wish I could repay you in kind your kindling influence, but I can give you nothing but my most affectionate homage. I have tried hard to like Channing's poetry half as well as you do. In this piece which you send me occurs a line about which I have got sadly perplexed or it is all wrong.

“ Hopeless to see no future joy, no more ”

How is this? Do tell me. Hopeless of seeing any future joy — is that the meaning? And if it is, where's the English? And how is it with the ‘no more’? Again

“ For by the cottage fire most happy hours,  
After the day's stern toil, dear evening come ”

What is to be done with the ‘dear evening?’ After all I recognise a poetic vein in Channing. He is plainly distinguishable from the herd of imitators & mechanics. There [are] 4 or 5 lines of his, entitled “ Soldiers Graves ” in the last Gift I like & partly stopped a friend's mouth with them when she was ridiculing your poet. Have you seen any of Anna Lynch's lines? You will find some verses of hers “ The Ideal ” in a late number of the Democratic Review. She is a very interesting person & very musical in her verses. I hope to induce Mr. Carey to put into

the Gift a Journal of hers some 5 & 20 pages which I admire greatly — I have undertaken to edit an Annual for Mr. C. but I wish to be *very* anonymous, so please don't tell. I shall make it up with things old & new — Miss Osgood promises me some translations. If any fine old things occur to you, let me know, do. I find in the matter of jokes that many of Joe Miller's are new to this generation which knows not Joseph. It is the same, I take it, with poetry — I find in an old commonplace book George Herbert's lines "Sweet Rose, whose hue angry & brave" in your handwriting — I shall put these in. I shall not go to the Dial; for the lines, which I had in my mind, Mr. Griswold tells me, he has published in some book of 5 or 6000 copies so spoilt them for my purposes. — Here are some verses which Miss Osgood & I concocted together, translated from the German — It is only once in an age that I attempt a rhyme. If they please your ear, please me by letting me know it, & throw them into the fire. They are to go into next year's Gift & are no longer mine — They are very literal

#### TO COLUMBUS DYING.

Soon with thee will all be over,  
Soon the voyage will be begun,  
That shall bear thee to discover  
Far away a land unknown.

Land, that each alone must visit  
But no tidings bring to men,  
For no sailor, once departed  
Ever hath return'd again.

No carv'd wood, no broken branches  
Come drifting o'er the billows wild,  
He, who on that ocean launches,  
Meets no corse of angel-child.

All is mystery before thee,  
But in peace & love & faith  
And with hope attended, sails't thou  
Off upon the ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,  
Spread then, spread thy canvas wide,  
Spirit ! on a sea of Ether  
Soon shalt thou serenely ride.

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,  
Fear no hidden breakers there,  
And the fanning wings of angels  
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart & comfort,  
These Azores — they are of Earth,  
Where the rosy clouds are parting  
There the blessed Isles loom forth

Seest thou now thy San Salvàdor ?  
Him, thy Saviour, thou shalt hail  
When no storms of Earth shall reach thee  
Where thy hope shall no more fail.

There ! Isn't it pretty ? Remember the 11th of March.

Ever yours

W. H. FURNESS.

## XI

Concord 12 March 1844

My dear friend,

It is really very droll that I who am only an amateur poet should be preferred in your councils as sponsor and godfather of one who is interiorly & legitimately a poet. Channing has the true fire dimmed by some obvious defects in his intellectual character; the soul & the temperament of a Poet, though these do not extend utterly to the uttermost papillæ of the fingers' end, so as to give quite that precision & finish which the art demands. And in respect to me I can easily understand how the abounding love in the old schoolmate's heart exalts the long accustomed jingler with a talent for veneers & varnish into a true bard. Well, I must make much of the lovers of my verse, as they are few, & I think may be fewer, and so have strained a point to send you what you ask for. May you not regret your rashness!

I send you a rude dirge which was composed or rather hummed by me one afternoon, years ago, as I walked in the woods & on the narrow plain through

which our Concord River flows, not far from my grandfather's house, and remembered my brothers Edward & Charles, to whom as to me this place was in boyhood & youth all "the Country" which we knew. At the time of this walk, I was thirtyfive years old, and the verses began in a different metre,—

I reached the middle of the mount  
 Up which the incarnate soul must climb,  
 And paused for them & looked around  
 With me who walked through space & time.

So it went on for a verse or two more, then the metre changed into that which I send you, & a critical ear will easily find varieties in that.

My sister Elizabeth Hoar, who first persuaded me to print some rhymes, is fond of these verses, so I draw them out of their sad recess for you. Their cadence was so agreeable to me that I should have printed them in the Dial perhaps, but for their personality.

I think to insert also a little piece called the 'Poet's Apology,' lest this poem should look too sombre.

In regard to the obnoxious lines in Channing's poem, he has furnished me with a variation for each.

1st *for* [after the day's stern toil, dear evening  
 come]

*read* [When silent frost has shut in house &  
 field.]

2nd for [Hopeless to see no future joy, no *more*.]  
read [Patient yet heartsick, waiting for the  
tomb.]

Thanks for the brave hymn to Columbus, the San  
Salvador rings nobly in my ear. Continue to be the  
friend of

Your friend.

WALDO E.

I cannot decide whether to omit the fourth stanza  
in the “Poet’s Apology”: if you use it you may omit  
or keep that verse at pleasure. I find a spare copy of  
Channing in the house & am resolved to leave you  
without excuse for your blindness to the best Ameri-  
can poet, so it shall go herewith.

## XII

Concord, April 4, 1844.

My dear friend,

Your letter & its order for twentyfive dollars of coined money arrived safely three days ago to the wonder & satisfaction of all parties. I heartily hope Mr. Carey may not have occasion to rue his liberal dealing with us & others. But you must win him to the best opinion he can entertain of Ellery's Poems and I trust he will publish at least one of them, as his name will accredit the "Gift" to some good Northerners. I have just done with the Dial. Its last number is printed; & having lived four years, which is a Presidential term in America, it may respectably end. I have continued it for some time against my own judgment to please other people, and though it has now some standing & increasing favour in England, it makes a very slow gain at home, and it is for home that it is designed. It is time that each of the principal contributors to it, should write in their own names, and go to their proper readers. In New England its whole quadrennium will be a pretty historiette in literary annals. I have been impatient to dismiss it as I am a

very *unable* editor, and only lose good time in my choosing & refusing & patching, that I want for more grateful work. Now I shall get my new book ready without delay. I have heard of a professor who when the joys of life were enumerated in a thoughtful company, told them they had omitted the writing of a Hebrew Grammar, I dream of glad weeks to come in putting together what belong together of papers old & new.

I received last week a sermon from you that breathed a generous air, and now this simple friendly German hymn, gifts of good omen both : and I am glad that so many Muses sacred & more sacred contend for you : unless it is better that one Muse should monopolize you wholly : then it will so be. I wish you had told me how it sped with that stately boy of yours in his foreign journey ?<sup>1</sup> And how with his sweet sister at home ? Argument for a new letter which you will have to write to

Your friend

WALDO E.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to W. H. F.'s eldest son William ; ' his sweet sister ' was afterward Mrs. Caspar Wister. — ED.

## XIII

Concord, 7 February, 1845

My dear friend,

I will do something, so help me the Muses ! for the Diadem ; but a more *invita Minerva* than that of my experience is not between the Delaware & the Merrimac rivers. However I have been spirited up lately from several sides to collect my verses, and in all the medley or motley, something may turn up that I can send. I have written to Carlyle by the *Cambria*, reciting to him Mr. Carey's good intentions, & my concurrence with the same, and that Mr. Carey comes to us like a *Deus ex machina*, to save us in these last days from all pirates. I told him of the design of the picture, and urged his compliance with the request to sit. I have not heard from him for two months. —

I have not sent any advertisement such as was agreed, to signify Carlyle's approbation of the new edition, as I suppose you may not want it yet. But I will not be wanting in my part to so good a design.

Ever yours affectionately,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

## XIV

Phila., March 31, 45'.

My dear friend,

I thank you for Carlyle's letter & for the opportunity you give me to say that I am beginning to think of the Diadem, & shall be glad to receive any jewels you have to send. But after all, don't be annoyed. If your pigeon holes furnish nothing in prose or rhyme — if your Minerva is unwilling, do not so sin against your philosophy as to try to write out of mere friendship, & yet the Muses by whom you swore to help me, obey Fate, & Necessity has an urn of inspiration. The best things I ever did, that is, the things that I have been most interested in doing, were crushed out of me by my professional necessities & my experience bids me kiss the rod under which I so often writhe. What *do* you find worth listening to? I am one with Carlyle when he says that the Concord voice alone instructs him. Please tell him by the way that my friend Carey deserves all his good thoughts of him, & that the £50 was the offer of the man not the tradesman.

With hearty salutations,

Yr friend,

W. H. FURNESS.

Since writing the foregoing, I have seen the water-colour copy of Lawrence's Carlyle — It is capital. I'll be sworn it's an excellent likeness. Sartain (who is a London boy) will do his best in engraving it, & Carlyle shall be satisfied.

The Miscellanies are printing, & Mr. Carey will be glad to have your "Advertisement" whenever you please. Mr. Carey would like also to have the 'Cromwell' & publish it, when it comes. Mr. Carey would like also to keep this letter of Carlyle's. Can you part with it? or send another?

XV

Concord, 8 April, 1845.

My dear friend,

I send you a letter to Messieurs Carey & Lea, which I suppose will serve the purpose of an Advertisement, if it be printed to follow the title-page in their edition of Carlyle. As to the request of Mr. Carey to retain Carlyle's letter, I am not quite ready to grant it, as I do not carry accurately in my memory its contents. If Mr. C. only wants a specimen of his writing to lithograph or otherwise copy for publication, he is at liberty to use all that part of the letter which respects this edition. But I should not like to have the whole letter published—as well as I can remember its contents, & perhaps can find a letter of mere business. If Mr. Carey however only wants an autograph for his private satisfaction, I think I will leave him in quiet possession of this, at least for the present, if he will have it transcribed & send me a copy of it. For I cannot bear to be wanting to so good a friend of Carlyle, as he appears to be.

For the Diadem, I am in good hope to find or make something yet that will not be wholly unworthy, but it cannot be ready today.

Ever yours,

R. W. E.

## XVI

Concord, 9 May, 1845.

My dear friend,

I send you two or three little pieces, garnets for your "Diadem," — if not too late. But I think you gave me *into May* in your first communication on the subject, for latest day. My wife & my mother have become a little uneasy at the long detention of my miniature effigy which your compatriot Mr. Griswold borrowed of the former, and insist that I shall inquire if it is safe, or has at some time been returned in our direction & has miscarried. Will you, if you meet Mr. G., say so much to him. I dare say it is quite safe & will come back in good time.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. E.

## XVII

Concord 2 June  
Monday Morng [1845]

My dear friend,

My note to Mr. Carey was shockingly careless, and the insertion of the 'of,' a prank of the imps. I find in my drawer a draft of the note without that superfluity. If the new note, which I enclose, does not end as well as the old one, print from the old one. Also the address was a carelessness: I knew better, & never have confounded the person of the benevolent gentleman who took so much pains that I should see his pictures in good lights,— with any other, though I knew nothing of the history of his partners.

As for the head, which, with your letter, only reached me on Sat. night, (for Munroe kept it, & I have not been in town for weeks,) I like the head very well, and though I dare not confide in my memory of a face which I saw for one day twelve years ago, yet this agrees well with my impressions. I go to town today & I think I must take the head with me, & try to find some one who has seen C. recently, Dr. Russell, or Parker or Mrs. Lee. I could heartily wish he had not been drawn with the left arm so placed; or is it ill-drawn, or a little prolonged? I think it a strong likeness: but Carlyle ought not to be as contented

with it as he seems to be in his letter, for it certainly does not give the ideal of the grim literary sansculotte, though this is far better than D'Orsay's. Somebody will yet draw a more characteristic sketch. As an engraving, it seems to me excellent, & the best of Mr Sartain's that I have seen. It is almost painted. And so clear & strong, & without that pomp of darkness.—

I have not yet recovered my copy of "Dr. Francia." If I do, & I have sent for it, I will send it you though I cannot think Mr. Carey can find any difficulty in finding it in some library which binds & keeps the Quarterly Reviews. It was in the Westminster, was it not?—

I may have an errand for Dr. Hering; but if I have not, I shall not write a letter.

For I have grown churlish about introductions, & Englishman-like never introduce until I have been introduced. But it is a great refreshment that you are ever so kind & indulgent to me.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

Let Mr. Carey keep the letter with all my heart but he shall send me a copy. The ladies say they are not content with Mr. Griswold's answer. They will have the picture. What to say to the ladies?

## XVIII

Phila. Oct. 8, '45.

My dear friend,

I shall send some things to you today or tomorrow to the care of J. Munroe & Co. Mr. Hart requests yr acceptance of the watercolour copy of Carlyle's portrait from which the engraving was made. The plates of the Diadem are miserably printed — in mezzotint a great deal depends on the printing — & I am disappointed. Nevertheless I shall be glad to hear what you think of Leutze's title page. I anticipate the greatest things of L. We have his last picture here 'The Landing of the Northmen' full of poetry. — I spoke to Mr. Hart about the £50 for Carlyle. He thinks C. must have received it & would like to know.

I had a letter the other day from a noble lady-correspondent of mine from New Zealand who speaks with enthusiasm of the 7 leaves of your Essays which a friend had sent her in a letter. I sympathise in Charles Lamb's skepticism (you see I have eaten C. Lamb) about sending letters so far. But there's a triumph in boring through to the Antipodes, and a romance in

getting a letter written in a cave hollowed out of a mountain & in hearing of the breakers roaring four miles off & all this on the other side of the world. I want to hear what you have to say about the Diadem — Are not Hedge's translations all but perfect? The Bean was translated by W. H. F. Jr., and the Rose by a fine girl of the Norwich Taylor stock. When is that volume of your poems coming? Won't you publish it here in Phila?

Affectionately,

Yrs.

W. H. FURNESS.

## XIX

Concord, Oct. 15, 1845.

My dear friend,

I should have answered your letter so richly accompanied too, immediately but that I saw that the best answer to a part of it would be to send you the last letter which I had from Carlyle, and which I had lent to a friend here who must & will read his letters. I enclose it that you may not only read its good news of himself, but see his answer to my remark (in a letter written before I saw you in Boston) that I had heard nothing from Philadelphia respecting the promised £50, since the death of Mr. Carey, and that I hesitated about writing to you on the subject. You will see by his letter that he has not received the money. Pray do not afflict Mr. Sartain with C.'s grim humours, into which he is always relapsing,—about the picture.

Thanks, and very humble thanks too, for the fine book you send me, so rich & stately that my poor little verses look very few & short,—and I wish they had been better. Great is your art & skill.

I enclose also a note of thanks, (which read) to

Mr. Hart, for his generous gift. I doubt not also that my first thanks are due to you in the matter. And as far back as I can remember in life you ever stand in the shape of a benefactor to me. I shall write a hymn to you one day.

You must send me back this letter of T. C.; and also remind some right person, friend of Mr. Carey, that the *copy* of the letter I gave him was never sent to me.

Yours affectionately,

R. WALDO E.

## XX

Concord, Feb<sup>y</sup>, 25, 1846

My dear Furness,

To pass over my gross omissions of epistolary duty to you ward, dum tacent clamant,— & come immediately to the errand of today — be it known to you; that Carlyle had been repeatedly charged by me to send his Cromwell book over to us in MS. which Munroe & Co. were ready to print advantageously for him. At the last, he was driven a good deal, & the printers there would not let him wait for a MS. copy; so he apologized to us & did the best he could; sent me a letter, saying, “I have sent you by last steamer an early copy of the whole work, which you will get, at least a month before any bookseller in America can have it” &c. sent thro Wiley & Putnam. I had not received any such parcel by that last steamer. I sent Horace Greeley Esq. to demand such copy of Wiley & P. They “declined giving it up, until their edition, then in press, should be ready; & had their authority from Carlyle’s publishers, of whom they had bought a copy.” So we were baulked, & angry, without sin.

I sent Carlyle an account of this matter. He went down to his “Chapman & Hall” there, & got an explanation, which was provoking enough truly, but

exculpated Wiley & Putnam. It seems, he had gone into their shop, & written my name on a blank leaf, & ordered an early copy bound up & forwarded to me by the going steamer. Chapman said, "If it is to be reprinted by Mr. E., why bind it? send it in sheets." Carlyle, they say, made reply, "O I will not bother him with that; bind it."

He did not wish to send it me in a form that seemed to expect us to reprint. But Chapman bethought himself — & went immediately over to W. & Putnam, & offered them an early copy for £10. They said, "But you must send no other." He said, "Only one for Mr. E., who will not print, Mr. C. says." "Yes, but he may give it to one who will —" "Then you need not hasten his copy —" said Chapman —

And thus was our learned & witty friend defrauded by little & little of all advantage here from his most saleable book. He was very much vexed at the whole affair.

### *Chapter Second.*

Now he has a second edition preparing, and be-thinks him that he can make possibly, out of that, some reparation to Munroe, who was to have shared with him the advantage of the first edition, and he sends us the letter which I conclude to enclose to you.

I have gone to Munroe, with this letter, & said,

What will you give for the new edition ? Is it worth anything to you ? Munroe & Co do not seem inclined to meddle with it at all, fearing that not only the Appendix, but what new matter shall be inserted in the text of the book, will be instantly reprinted from them. It occurs to me, that the next party — (I have yet mentioned it to no other,) is your friend Mr. Hart. Perhaps he may see how the work may be printed once more here with some security from pirates. If he cannot in the existing circumstances attempt anything for the mutual advantage of Carlyle & himself, he is at liberty if he chooses, to receive & print the proofs or such part as he will. And I know Carlyle will be gratified to have this disposition made of them, as he is very sensible of the liberality of Carey & Hart's behaviour in their edition of his *Miscellanies*.

Will you now add to all your loveliness this new merit of considering & properly communicating this affair, & sending me an early reply, as the days are few in which anything can be done. And send me home my Carlyle letters, of which now you will have 1, 2, 3, is it not ? & I no copy.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

All is clear in respect to Wiley & Putnam. They explained very circumstantially their part in the af-

fair to me, & I wrote to them acquitting them of all charges, & I printed a paragraph to the same effect in the Boston D. Advertiser. But they were told, at the same time, how vexed we were to be thus honorably plundered by them. Of course, we owe them & their editions no respect.

## XXI

Phila. March 2, '46

My dear Friend,

Mr. Hart says that if, under the circumstances, there were any inducement to take the 2<sup>d</sup> Edition of Cromwell he would print it & share with Mr. Carlyle or pay him a certain sum, but it would be folly to touch it, as W. & P. have themselves been pirated upon & compelled to print the book in the cheapest possible form. Mr. H. advises that the book be surrendered at once & entirely to W. & P. & this you may do, he thinks, in such a manner as to awaken their honour & induce them to acknowledge the author's rights to some small share at least of the profits. Mr. Carlyle, so Mr. H. thinks, should hereafter reserve to himself the American Market, & then he might make satisfactory arrangements with some American publisher.—

I have yr Carlyle letters all safe and will send them on some day. It always delights me to see your hand-writing, & I should have rejoiced to see your face some few days ago when I hovered over Boston, hardly alighting anywhere. I have just conducted the funeral of a fine old woman here, some eighty years old, whom

I mention to you, because she verified an expression of yrs. She was a dear lover of Carlyle & all good men & things, a sharer in the terrors of the French Revolution, when her husband had Danton etc. as pupils in English. She could not however read much of Carlyle at once, as *it destroyed sleep*, so she said. Let me serve you or Carlyle if I may. It is always pleasant,— but take heed how you write business letters to me, as I must always give you a little gossip in return. I have had unusual delight in Cromwell — had not meant to read it yet, but Providence put it in my hands & I read it at a heat. I have a dim idea of the labour, but he, Carlyle, has washed the materials so clean that they look as good as new.

Heartily yrs.

W. H. FURNESS.

Phila. March 20 1846

Dear Emerson,

Here am I begging again—I am thinking of the Diadem for '47—I don't wish to get anything from you out of that volume of poems of which I have heard for some time past that it was forthcoming. Haven't you got some little bit or bits of Prose, some scraps or shavings which you can make nothing else out of & which will suit my purpose? You speak sometimes as if you were obliged to me. Pray don't have such thoughts, but give from your own large soul & add to my obligations. The more I read of yours, the more I seem to *recognise* your thoughts as old friends, tho' when or where they & I were acquainted, I cannot tell. I lost them I suppose in my passage from the other world into this. They dropt into the sea & you have fished them out, or you picked my pockets when we sate side by side at Mr. Webb's school. I only claim my own & will give a large reward in thanks for the recovery of a few to meet the present occasions.

Very heartily yrs,

W. H. FURNESS.

I shall be particularly thankful for Verses if you have any to spare.

## XXIII

Concord, 22 May, 1846.

My dear friend,

I have nothing to send to the new Diadem. I am sorry for it. But I have promised to do what I can to make a volume of Poems, and those which I can suffer to pass for publication are so few, that I dare not diminish the number by a single quatrain or couplet. Then for prose, I am like some bookdealers who will never sell me the thing I want, for it will break a set. With the most vigorous recollections, I cannot remember that I ever wrote anything detached & of reasonable dimensions. You see my desperate imbecility, & will leave me to time & my tub for recovery.

I am trying to put into printable condition my seven Lectures on Representative Men; but the topics were so large, & seem to require such spacious & solid reading, that what might pass to be spoken, does not promise to be fit to print in a hurry.

Your abominable

R. W. EMERSON.

## XXIV

Concord 10 June 1846

My dear friend,

I enclose a piece, which, for want of a better name, I call “the World Soul.” *Anima Mundi* was the name, but we are bound at least in poetry to speak English. I had the poem when I wrote before, but in the smallness of my portfolio of new pieces, dared not send away one of so many lines, until you tell me that I may print it in my new book, if I have one, in spite of you. Yours, however, will, I suppose, appear first.—I have heard that Margaret Fuller printed a verse or two of this piece once in the Tribune, but I never saw them. She printed, if she printed, from a copy I had lent to Elizabeth Hoar. I am almost tempted to send you another copy of the same piece, that you may select your own reading from the *Variorum*. But I will not bother you. I will only say, that in the copy from which I now transcribe this, the 8th stanza has only one quatrain, and I have just added four lines to make it complete. And now it strikes me that the poem was a little more intelligible before. If you think so, leave out the quatrain.

My wife insists that you shall hear once more of Mr Griswold. He wrote me in April, I think, that he should be in Phila. in May, & would immediately send home the lady's miniature. If he is at home, jog his elbow for the lady's sake.

Yours gladly

R. W. EMERSON.

### THE WORLD-SOUL.

Thanks to the morning light !  
 Thanks to the seething ['foaming' ed. 1884] sea,  
 To the uplands of New Hampshire,  
 To the greenhaired forest free ;  
 Thanks to each man of courage,  
 To the maids of holy mind,  
 To the boy with his games undaunted,  
 Who never looks behind !

Cities of proud hotels,  
 Houses of rich & great,  
 Vice nestles in your chambers,  
 Beneath your roofs of slate.  
 It cannot conquer folly —  
 Time-&space-conquering steam  
 And the light-outspeeding telegraph  
 Bears nothing on its beam.

The politics are base,  
 The letters do not cheer,  
 And 'tis far in the deeps of history  
 The voice that speaketh clear ;  
 Trade & the streets ensnare us,  
 Our bodies are weak & worn,  
 We plot, & corrupt each other,  
 And we despoil the unborn.

Yet there in the parlour sits  
 Some figure of noble guise,  
 Our angel, in a stranger's form,  
 Or woman's pleading eyes,  
 Or only a flashing sunbeam  
 In at the window-pane,  
 Or Music pours on mortals  
 Its beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning  
 Finds them who in cellars be,  
 And be sure the all-loving Nature  
 Will smile in a factory.  
 Yon ridge of purple landscape,  
 Yon sky between the walls  
 Hold all the hidden wonders  
 In scanty intervals.

Alas, the Sprite that haunts us  
 Deceives our rash desire,  
 It whispers of the glorious gods,  
 And leaves us in the mire ;

We cannot learn the cipher  
 That 's writ upon our cell,  
 Stars help ['taunt' *ib.*] us by a mystery  
 Which we could never spell

If but one hero knew it,  
 The world would blush in flame,  
 The sage till he hit the secret,  
 Would hang his head for shame ;  
 But our brothers have not read it,  
 Not one has found the key,  
 And henceforth we are comforted,  
 We are but such as they. —

Still, still, the secret presses,  
 The nearing clouds draw down,  
 The crimson morning flames into  
 The fopperies of the town ;  
 [Within, without the idle earth,  
 Stars weave eternal rings,  
 The sun himself shines heartily  
 And shares the joy he brings.]

And what if Trade sow cities,  
 Like shells along the shore,  
 And thatch with towns the prairie broad  
 With railways ironed o'er ; —  
 They are but sailing foam-bells  
 Along thought's causing stream,

<sup>1</sup> The quatrain referred to, in preceding letter, p. 54.

And take their shape & sun-colour  
From him that sends the dream.

For Destiny does not like [‘ never swerves’ *ib.*]  
To yield [‘ Nor yields ’ *ib.*] to men the helm,  
And [‘ He ’ *ib.*] shoots his thought by hidden nerves  
Throughout the solid realm ;  
The patient Daemon sits  
With roses and a shroud,  
He has his way, & deals his gifts, —  
But ours is not allowed.

He is no churl or trifler,  
And his viceroy is none,  
Love-without-weakness,  
Of Genius, sire and son.  
And his will is not thwarted ;  
The seeds of land & sea  
Are the atoms of his body bright,  
And his behest obey.

He serveth the servant,  
The brave he loves amain,  
He kills the cripple & the sick,  
And straight begins again ;  
For gods delight in gods,  
And thrust the weak aside,  
To him who scorns their charities,  
Their arms fly open wide.

When the old world is sterile,  
And the ages are effete,  
He will from wrecks & sediment  
The fairer world complete.  
He forbids to despair,  
His cheeks mantle with mirth,  
And the unimagined good of men  
Is yearning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind  
When sixty years are told,  
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,  
And we are never old.  
Over the winter glaciers  
I see the summer glow,  
And through the wild-piled snowdrift  
The warm rosebuds below.

## XXV

Concord, 6 August, 1847.

Dear Furness,

It was very wrong in you not to come & see me in any of these your northern flights. The last of your Boston visits, for example, I set down as a clear case of contumacy, that you would neither come to me nor be at home where I went to see you. I hope you had my card, which I left at Dr. Gannett's. But now I write because Henry D. Thoreau has a book to print. Henry D. Thoreau is a great man in Concord, a man of original genius & character, who knows Greek, & knows Indian also, — not the language quite as well as John Eliot — but the history monuments & genius of the Sachems, being a pretty good Sachem himself, master of all woodcraft, & an intimate associate of the birds, beasts, & fishes, of this region. I could tell you many a good story of his forest life. — He has written what he calls “A week on the Concord & Merrimack Rivers,” which is an account of an excursion made by himself & his brother (in a boat which he built) some time ago, from Concord, Mass., down the Con-

cord river & up the Merrimack, to Concord, N. H.— I think it a book of wonderful merit, which is to go far & last long. It will remind you of Izaak Walton, and, if it have not all his sweetness, it is rich, as he is not, in profound thought.— Thoreau sent the manuscript lately to Duyckinck,— Wiley & Putnam's literary Editor, who examined it, & “gave a favorable opinion of it to W. & P.” They have however declined publishing it. And I have promised Thoreau that I would inquire a little in N. Y. & Philadelphia before we begin to set our own types. Would Mr. Hart, or Mr. Kay like to see such a manuscript? It will make a book as big as my First Series of Essays. They shall have it on half profits or on any reasonable terms. Thoreau is mainly bent on having it printed in a cheap form for a large circulation.

You wrote me once & asked about Hedge. I esteem & respect him always more & more. He is best seen at Bangor. I saw him there last October & heard him preach all day. He is a solid person who cannot be spared in a whole population of levities. I think he is like one of those slow growing pear trees whose fruit is finer every year & at last becomes a *Beurré Incomparable*. I bade him goodbye, seven or eight weeks ago, on board the “Washington Irving,” & expect to see him in England next spring. Do you know that I am going thither in October?

Will not Henry Thoreau serve as well as another  
apology for writing to you.

Yours ever,

R. W. EMERSON.

It may easily happen that you have too many affairs  
even to ask the question of the booksellers. Then  
simply say that you do not; for my party is Anarcharsis  
the Scythian, and as imperturbable as Osceola.

## XXVI

Phila. Aug. 16, 1847.

My dear friend,

Mr. Hart is out of the city & will not return till the last of the week. I will do my best with him for your friend's book. But I am doubtful of success. There are other respectable publishers here to whom, with your good-will, I will apply. I spoke to one this morning by the name of Moore, who is now printing an edition, as he tells me, of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy "unearthing the bones of that old great man." Mr. Moore expressed a desire to see the MS of your book. I will write you again shortly.

Why do you go so far away? I see nothing of you & talk with you only through your works, & yet I cannot bear to have you & Hedge etc. go out of the country. It seems as if the best people were quitting the company. I wished to see you greatly, but the fates forbade. I could not get to Concord. I have been rusticating with my family in the woods among people who hardly know that there is such a place as Mexico, let alone the war, people so subdued to the quality of their condition, that the woods & fields "adopt them as their own," & they are as simple & good & loving as Nature herself. It is a great refreshment to us, city

manufactures; — & I have read Jean Paul's Titan for the first time. You told me, I recollect, that you did not & do not take to Richter. How is it? Is he not full of the purest humour? And is it not a curious fact in literature, in life, the twin-like resemblance between him & Carlyle. Carlyle is no imitator & yet he is, in his fancy & his fun J. Paul over again.

Do come back soon & stay here — let us know that you are in these parts. One likes to have his treasures within reach tho' he never sees them. I am glad to have your opinion of Hedge — Will you take out a copy of his book<sup>1</sup> to him if we get it ready? Do you go on the 1st of October?

I hoped to have you here in Phila. some time & Nan singing her old ballads to you. I am foolish about this daughter of mine — She is not yet 17 & is a full grown woman & an excellent German so far as the language is concerned & reads it like a native, & we have lots of pleasure together — Won't you come to see us after you get over this ugly voyage — business first & pleasure afterwards — But goodbye — I love to hear from you when the spirit moves you.

With all good wishes,

Affectionately yrs.

W. H. FURNNESS.

<sup>1</sup> PROSE WRITERS OF GERMANY. By Frederic H. Hedge. Philadelphia. Carey and Hart. 1847.

## XXVII

Phila. Sept. 19, 1847.

My dear friend,

Coming out of Church this morning, I recd a word of love from you through Mrs. Morrison, & it quickens a small purpose I have had to write a line to you before you go across the water & assure you of the hearty good wishes of an old friend. May the blessing of Heaven go with you! I wonder whether I am not prouder of you than you are of yourself. Perhaps if I had lived near you all this while & seen you often, I might not have had quite so much veneration for you. But now I know you only through your writings & these show your inspired moments. I think of you in your high office as prophet & priest. Perhaps I should have made a particular effort in some one of my recent visits to get at you for a while but the impression is strong upon me that you are hunted, run down by a host of people, who think they must see you. And so I have thought that I should best show you my love by not wasting your good hours or inflicting any tediousness upon you under the plea of old friendship. I hold myself none the less

near to you. What pleasant dreams I lose myself in of Mrs. Whitwell's school & Mr. Webb's desks & your generous appreciation of my art of Drawing & my admiration of your art of Poetry. The beauty, the boundless hopefulness of that early time—I must have it again. I cannot part with a faith I have that our friendships here are but the beginnings of better things, that by & by space will be taken away & there shall be no obstacle to a full communion. Once more, God bless you. I shall be happy to hear of you & your doings in the old country. You will do great good I know.

I applied to Mr Hart about your friend's book but he will have none of it. He is run down, he says, with applications to print.

You will tell Carlyle what a presence he is here.

Affectionately yours

W. H. FURNESS.

## XXVIII

Concord, 16 December, 1848.

My dear Furness,

I am very glad to see your faithful hand again, always of the best omen to me & to whomsoever it concerns itself for.

But I hardly dare accept the opportunity you offer me of printing a chapter on Montaigne. All that I know, or, all that I know how to say, about him, is written in one of Seven Lectures, which, together, I call "Representative Men," & Montaigne there stands for the Class *Skeptic*. I mean some day to print these together, whenever I shall have more adequately finished the resisting figures of Plato & of Swedenborg.

I am much obliged to you for the pleasing & most readable tract on the Art-Union, which you sent me, the other day. It gave me exact & agreeable information. It would give me the greatest pleasure to see the Author of that tract. Do you think I ever shall?

Yours affectionately,

WALDO E.

## XXIX

Concord, 10 January, 1849.

My dear Furness,

Here is a curious coil in Carlyle's last letter, which I know not how to begin to unwind except by letting him tell his own story, and to you, poor you, who were born for a benefactor to him & to me. You must even go through patiently with your destiny.— Thus runs the letter, under date 'Chelsea, 6 December, 1848.'

[Hereupon follows a long extract from a letter of Carlyle, wherein a history is given of a draft for £50, drawn by Mr. Hart on Brown, Shipley & Co., in favour of Mr. Carlyle and cashed by Lord Ashburton, but by the carelessness of the latter, as it turned out, never entered as paid in his bankers' account. Whatever interest the story may have ever had has long ago evaporated ; it is rehearsed at full length, I believe, in Carlyle's published Correspondence with Emerson.—ED.]

So far the Homeric Carlyle. I think you must carry the matter to Mr. Hart for him ; though certainly Mr. Baring's carelessness is inexcusable. But he is a good

man, I saw him two or three times, & found him very friendly & hospitable, and he has been for many years a valuable friend to Carlyle.

And so I leave my burden with you, for this present; and am as ever

Yours affectionately,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

### XXX

Phila. Jan. 15, '49.

My dear Emerson,

I called on Mr Hart this morning & he turned to a copy of a letter, addressed by him to you under date of Oct. 27, '45, authorizing Mr Carlyle to draw upon Brown, Shipley & Co. of Liverpool for £50. He then showed me, in his account with Brown, Shipley & Co., T. Carlyle's draft for £50 payable in April 1846, charged to Carey & Hart, as accepted Dec. 2, 1846. So the state of the case may be readily ascertained by asking the Liverpool House about it. They can tell, I suppose, to whom they paid the money. Pray don't magnify such very small services. I wish I could do something great for you or Carlyle, pay you in kind for the infinite satisfaction I have got from you both. Shall I ever again have such delight in this world as I have had in reading you & Carlyle & a very few others? My chief hobby for years past, you know, has been the life of Christ, in a literary point of view perhaps rather than religious, & my light has come from Carlyle for which God bless him! But how little remains readable. Will there ever

again be a book in which one can lose himself? The great fun of life now is in growing old—the contrasts, continually coming up, between Mrs. Whitwell's school & Mr. Webb's desks on the one hand, & things as they daily occur on the other. I burst into a ridiculous laugh the other day in the street when I recognised my son in a young gentleman at a distance, my son! Every day brings some curious note of the passage of time, & I can hardly tell whether I have lived the past or dreamed it. . . .

How I should love to see you and yours, but I see no one as I would when I go Eastward. My time is broken up there & you should come here. Why not? Come & lecture & have a room under our roof & be free as the wind. Sam Bradford is close by—good & prosperous. How vivid is my remembrance of your mother!—but goodbye

Your ancient friend

W. H. FURNESS.

## XXXI

Phila. Dec. 27, '49.

My dear friend,

I send you a couple of copies of *the* translation of the Song of the Bell, one of which, if it can be done without a shadow of trouble or objection, I shall be pleased to send Mr. Carlyle through you. A true man like you will have no constraint in doing just as you please about it. This translation possessed me for some four weeks, & I put it in print to be satisfied it was out of me, as the demoniac wished to *see* the devils depart by having them sent into the swine. The day I arrived in Boston last Fall upon a very brief visit, I found you had just gone home, & I was almost tempted to follow you. I revolved very seriously the idea of giving a day to Concord but I could not arrange it. I must manage it next time. I buy your volumes as they come out, but still I always want one *from you* that "dying I may bequeath it" &c. I passed a pleasant night a year ago with your brother William. Do you know that sweet boy of mine is set up as an Artist in Boston. Shall I send him to see you? Are you bored as much as ever by visitors? Heaven bless you!

Affectionately yours,

W. H. FURNESS.

## XXXII

Concord 3 January 1850

My dear friend,

I was heartily glad to see your dear handwriting once more, glad of all it signified, & of the fine little book that came with it. I am today (as too often, & all but always) the slave of petty engagements, & am besides forced to some caution in the use of my eyes, but must write, though so tardily, a few lines. Schiller's Song of the Bell, I may as well avow, I have always been content to take on trust; I have never read it in German; I do not like it very well: have even fancied that it owed something of its wide currency to its illustrations by Retsch, & to the music which has been added. More of my stupidity I will not now parade: but since you have been drawn to praise it with such faithful work, I shall give it one more chance to captivate me and have already read your gay translation once through, — which to me is only learning my way. All joy & peace & honor dwell with you, whatever you attempt to do!

I learn with great interest that your son is in Boston. I had never heard of it: — only last summer, that he was in N. Y. Why did you not send him to me at once? I beg you to do so now; or send me his address, & I will immediately be at one with him.

I am going however, next week to Albany, & the whole of the following week am to be in the City of New York. Immediately thereafter, I shall be permanently here, and will not be deprived of my share of beauty & art, do you tell him. I sent you my new book to the care of Mr Hart.

Ever affectionately yours,

WALDO EMERSON.

### XXXIII

Astor House, New York  
24 March, 1850

My dear Furness,

Since you are pleased to be peremptory & foolhardy in your good nature, I think I must even try your project. I must hold you to your own terms, & it is the bookseller & not you who shall shoulder the affair, even though the audience should so be reduced one half. I do not think I can come to Philadelphia until Tuesday or Wednesday,— for safety, Wednesday, — of next week. It would be safe to advertise for Wednesday evening, 3d April. We can promise two or three lectures per week, as you think best; two probably. Here, I am in the hands of a good friend of mine, Henry James, & of Parke Godwin, and they settled that it should be a two shilling [<sup>twenty-five</sup> cents] audience. I incline to this cheaper ticket; though it is a moot point, & many advisers said, Fifty cents. The booksellers must decide that, too. Here, we have had no *course* announced, but only a series of unconnected lectures, from night to night. Did I give you the titles of such as I have here that are pronounced producible?

England      Spirit of the Times } read here at my last visit.  
Natural Aristocracy. Eloquence. Books. The  
Superlative in manners, character & races.

Of all these I think the fourth seemed to be best received here, though perhaps each has had its friends. I am promising to read one lecture here, as I believe I told you, to please myself, called "Instinct & Inspiration." And so, awaiting your commands with confidence & love, I am

Yours,

## R. WALDO EMERSON.

Perhaps I shall mend my programme tomorrow. Meantime I shall tread surer if you can ascertain for me whether the five Lectures which I read in 1849-50 were severally these : — 1. England 2. Natural Aristocracy 3. Eloquence 4. Spirit of the Age, or XIX Century 5. Books.

I read a sixth on "Instinct & Inspiration" by daylight; but I should gladly know if any youth or maid have a memory so incredibly tenacious as to verify this list. Or was there, instead of one of these topics, a Lecture called the "*Superlative*."

## XXXIV

Astor House, New York  
20 April, 1850

My dear Furness,

William Emerson sent me yesterday your kind note, an autograph within & without very refreshing to behold. I should like extremely to come to Philadelphia, and have at this moment but one objection, and that the gravest; namely, that you, you & your friends, but chiefly you, will feel a certain conscience to shoulder my affair,— a thing painful, nay intolerable, to think of, and which shall not be done. But if you can think of a Bookseller who would undertake the charge, and would do all but read the lectures, I should like very well to read four or five, and should come with the more courage that they have been unexpectedly successful here. I am quite clear that there should be a functionary in each of our cities who would be General Undertaker & Factor for Lectures, and who should transact for Agassiz, Dana, Mitchell, & me. But it is now too late in the season, or will be before I can leave N. Y.; where I must still read three lectures, it seems, (tomorrow, Thursday, Tuesday, & probably Thursday,) or certainly two.

We will talk of it for next winter, and, meantime, our aesthetic broker can be ripening. The blessings of all the days fall on that roof which invites me so hospitably! but I am [an?] inveterate churl, & never carry my tediousness to the houses of my friends. If, however, you can send me some disengaged worldly opinion that the experiment is still worth trying, I shall be heartily glad of an apology for coming to a faithful gossip with you.

Yours affectionately,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

XXXV

Phila. Jan. 14th '52.

Dear friend,

I will relieve you. It has been decided to put off our famous, world-moving course of Liberty-Lectures till next season. We think it best to do nothing in this way unless we can move strongly. Altho' two or three of the gentlemen addressed have returned half-compliant answers, yet our hope is small of getting the overpowering array we had set our hearts upon. But isn't the time rich — dramatic — historical? Who is Talbot of East Machias who has written that admirable "Nulla vestigia retrorsum" in 'The Liberty Bell?' It does one good to hear such voices coming from such Nazareths — If we can only wean ourselves from the fond expectation of millennial results, & just content ourselves with observing how the upper power uses the course of events as a discipline & 'crisis' of the human soul, the enjoyment is complete.

If you could only come & see us. It would give me *almost* as much pleasure as I anticipate in having our children at home again this week. What do you think

of our Hungarian [Kossuth] ? He touched me very deeply, but I am very touchable as you know. I have excused his apparent dodging of the great cause on this side of the world by supposing that he is under the impression that we are in the process of Abolition. But I wish for his own [sake] he were less political.

Ever yrs.

W. H. FURNNESS.

## XXXVI

Concord, 6 April, 1852.

My dear friend,

My affections always silently flowing toward you are sure to receive a shock of acceleration every month or two by some good office of yours. It was always so, and these active virtues accuse my sloth & silence. The last of these sunstrokes was a letter or a pair of letters which Miss Osgood showed me in whole or in part, and, on the instant I promised explicit thanks. Yet I was puzzled by being quoted as having said to Scherb something quite impossible for me to say. Scherb has forgotten, or misconceived. I found Philadelphia unexpectedly kind & open. Yet I may have said that my Philadelphia audiences always have a look as of your gathering, & not mine,— which I fancy to be the fact.

As for Goethe, you are clean wrong altogether,— as you will at once feel, if you will sit down to Eckermann's Conversations for half an hour. Wise, mellow, adequate talk, on all topics indifferently, always up to the mark. He is among the Germans what

Webster *was* among the lawyers, as easily superior to the great as to the small.

Medford is a suburb of yours, and I find myself gladly your parishioner there, & brag that I am  
Your friend,

WALDO EMERSON.

## XXXVII

Phila. April 8, '52.

My dear Emerson,

Running about lecturing & acting so powerfully upon other people's minds, you give me the impression of a man too busy to be interrupted by my tediousness, & so I always write to you very gingerly. Besides one does not like to intrude upon the great thoughts with which you keep company. But this affectionate little note of yours clamors for a word in reply. If you have pulled a house down about your ears, it is your own fault, I *must* write to you & as much at length as if I knew every word of mine were water to your thirsty soul. I am just in the humor. Please observe it was no concern for the reputation of Phila. but fear lest we were to lose the hope of having you here some time that induced me to report Mr. Scherb's report. You *do* mean to come to us by & by?

I spent half the day yesterday with you & Miss Margaret F[uller] & enjoyed you very much. Passing as you do with the multitude for the veritable man in the moon, you must puzzle people with your common sense.

I am tyrannized over by little things. When Margaret F. speaks of Powers as a man of genius idealizing things, it is fatal to my respect for her judgement in matters of Art at least. Powers I consider nothing, not a jot more, than an admirable mechanic. His Greek Slave is an abomination. He cannot create. If his bust of Webster be better than Clevenger's, it must be because Webster was in better trim when he sat to him. He can express only what he sees with the bodily eye. Again the incident of the Concert Room when Margaret rebuked the giddy girl so gently, did she speak the truth when she said she hoped the thoughtless child would never suffer what she had inflicted on the lovers of music that evening? The very aim of the remark was to cut the girl to the quick, & she suffered infinitely more than Margaret had suffered in the loss of the music. These are small criticisms I know. When she talks of her mother & writes to her, then she interests me,— & her husband & child — they made her lovely. I am attracted & repelled by all this talk & speculation about things unseen & unseeable. How continually does it degenerate into a wisdom of words, & how hard is it to keep humble & self-forgetting. It is a favorite idea of mine that the all-ministering Providence gives us these speculations & theology & religious forms &c. &c. to occupy us & divert our attention

from the work going on within us which our self-conceit, if it meddles with it, is sure to spoil ; just as we rattle a bunch of keys before a baby when it's being vaccinated. I say, as I recollect Carlyle has said in one of his letters to you which you let me read, your voice is the only one I hear. I don't like Miss M. any the better for having been exalted above you by some people formerly, not merely because I love you, but for the offence to my own judgment.

My time for Goethe will come, if he is what you say. But in your heathen days you once pronounced him a great quiz or charlatan — before you knew him, and this has delayed my salvation. I do not attempt anything in German deeper than Richter. Lessing early inspired me with a sincere veneration, & I have recently been reading his dramatical criticisms with great delight. The man shows himself so plainly behind & above the writer. His speech is action & his words works & weapons. How he pours out his heart in contempt of Voltaire for introducing the practice of showing himself to the theatre upon a successful representation of one of his plays, a practice that became disgustingly prevalent with authors until some writer of very moderate talent refused to obey the call of the pit. 'I would rather have been he ' exclaims Lessing, ' than have written ten *Meropes* ! '

I am fluttering still about that one work of my life

which has always interested me chiefly as a work of Art. Into this—statue, poem, or what shall it be called, my St. Peters? the Life of Christ, has run all the drawing of horses & knights in which you used to sympathise so generously. Could I work out & adequately finish that beautiful fact, I would be willing that it should be buried like an ancient statue for a thousand years. All I have attempted thus far in print seems to me but a hint. I cried over almost every page of that last little book of mine from a pure sense of reality, nature, & beauty.

One has great satisfaction in living in one's children. Mendelssohn's father was the son of Mendelssohn, the famous Jew, & when he, the son and father of a great man, was young, he was pointed at as the son of the great Mendelssohn, and when he grew up and became a father, he was pointed at as the father of the great Mendelssohn. How much more enviable his place than that of either of the two between whom he stood! —

I forgot—you have been seeing my faithful old friends, Miss Lucy & Miss Mary [Osgood]. What wonders they are—learned beyond compare.

Won't you some time go & sit to William H. Should he get a good sketch of you, it would save you so much trouble. You could have ever so many daguerreotypes of it. Please do it *on my account*. Wil-

liam H. has given no evidence of creative power, but he is so childlike & so good, & so often there creeps into his drawings an expression independent of lines & shadows, that I think he is at least under the care of a good genius.

But I'll detain you no longer. For goodness' sake don't dream of answering this unless you can't help it.

With fervent good wishes for you & yours,

Very heartily yours,

W. H. FURNNESS.

I am glad to write Concord on the back of this. I fancy you, when away from home, as bearing your Cross.

## XXXVIII

Concord 12 May 1853

My dear friend,

This is your old malice prepense, & I know it for such,— always in conspiracy to inflict benefits & hatching good will into deeds, and, to be sure, tis none of your work, but only a sudden fortuitous concourse of lovers & aiders, such as is, I suppose, at any time sporadic in the air of Philadelphia! Well, you are a wonderful man, & an honor to Dame Whitwell's a-b, ab school, & will make her famous to all time, though I see she was partial, & taught you something she taught no other; for I cannot remember that Sam B[radford] or that Walter Langdon sat on the bench, though I never see them now without belief that you must have given them private rehearsals, & probably showed them the red handkerchief (ah beautiful beautiful in my memory!) on which the House that Jack built, was depicted. But to all others to whom you have not opened your & Mrs. Whitwell's heresy, it is still sealed.

But for your project itself,— it is really very gratifying to me, &, if it prove feasible, I shall not be want-

ing to it. It will be a great advantage to me to know of it thus early, and to hold it before me. I am working just now on my little *English* Book & when that is done I will think of this. And yet I have often thought lately, I should leave the Lyceum to the juniors.

I will write you again.

Goodbye for today.

Affectionately,

R. W. E.

## XXXIX

Concord, 18 Dec. 1853

My dear friend,

I am afflicted with a fast growing terror lest I should fail to meet these fine fortunes you are preparing for me, so you must mix a little wormwood from some quarter, that it may not turn my head. Far be it from me to murmur or interfere in any manner, but, on the contrary, I dispose myself to obey you & the gods with all docility. Only I hope I may have something good & fit to say to such beneficent immortals & mortals. For "tickets to the press," O certainly; as, perhaps, by sending them, they may be moved to stay away, or, if they come, may listen to good counsel & make short reports. For a boarding house, I shall be very glad to be provided if you know one without seeking. I have uniformly gone to hotels — in Cincinnati, St. Louis, New York, but this would be far better.

You speak of my Mother. I cannot tell you how much my house has suffered by the loss of that one more room, one more home in it for me & each of us. Mamma was made to live, & her death at 85 years

took us by surprise, & my wife mourns so many undone things. There was something majestic in one of those old strong frames built to live so tranquilly usefully & kindly. The later generation seem to me to spend faster. But one of these days we too shall be better than now. Then now & ever

Your affectionate

WALDO EMERSON

I see that your date is 12th. I only got home last night from an absence of three days to find your note.

## XL

Concord } 14 March  
Mass<sup>tts</sup> } 1854

My dear Friend,

I carried all the kind words and deeds of Philadelphia as stock to think on in my northwestern journey, and the wonder of them is not less, nor the blessing, unto this day. I have never told you that I went as far as Milwaukee, and, fault of broken railroad, the last 65 miles in an open carriage; and found true what a settler told me, that "the world was done up in large lots, in Wisconsin." I am afraid the space is the most interesting feature. And yet the farmer is also a colonist, & draws great doses of energy from his local necessities. One looks around heedfully, too, because it is plainly the heroic age of Wisconsin, and we are spectators *Anno Urbis Conditæ*. I came home near three weeks ago, with good hope to write a plea for Freedom addressed *to my set*; which, of course, like a Divinity Collegian's first sermon, was to exhaust the subject & moral science generally; but I fared much as those young gentlemen do, got no answer to my passionate queries — nothing but the

echo of my own cries, and had to carry to New York a makeshift instead of an oracle. Yet I am still so foolish as to believe again that the thing I wished can be done, & I shall not cease to try—after a time. I have not been to Boston yet with a free hour. As soon as I do, I shall try to get my head of Carlyle copied for you, as I said. In New York I found there Sam Lawrence the London artist, who, you will remember, had painted a head of Carlyle, which Mr Carey had copied. He had brought a letter to me from C. and is painting prosperously in N. Y. He is taking Bancroft's head, & Miss Lynch's &c. &c. I find myself too much in arrears to my tasks here, to think quite yet of making my hoped visit to Philadelphia. Yet I shall gladly come. Meantime I am going down to Cambridge to learn what good news I can from Horace. When is it, what week, what day, that you are to come there, & here?

Did you read in Littell's Living Age, a little story or novellette, called "Art, a Dramatic Sketch." by — Read, Esq. — I found Dr. Kane's book excellent.

Your affectionate,

WALDO EMERSON.

XLI

Concord, Saturday Noon July 15 1854

My dear friend,

I have just learned with surprise and to me mortification that your Discourse to the College is set for tomorrow. It was set in my mind a week from tomorrow ; and I was to see & hear. In this blunder, I have acted for our town in getting Theodore Parker up here, who is to read his Fourth of July Discourse to us tomorrow evening, & is to be my guest.

It is an absurd *Contretemps*, & I the victim — irreparable now. What remains but to beseech you, out of the greatness of your heart & mind & misericord, to come up to me Monday morning, bringing Horace with you, & spend Monday with me. I will try to keep Parker, in that hope. If you are engaged Monday then Tuesday will do ; only send me some word, as soon as you pass by a Post Office, that you will come, & when, & do not fail me, I entreat.

Ever your affectionate  
WALDO E.

XLII

Concord 22 Aug 1854

My dear friend,

You must often have wondered where that daguerre of Carlyle loitered that was destined for you. I carried the primitive plate to Boston three times but such is my dread of having more copies taken, than I wish, that I could never trust it in the hands of the chattering operators. At last William E. offered to get it done in N. Y. & as there is security in a multitude, I consented & he tells me it is a perfect copy. I hope you have already got it. That was a cruel mishap to me—that you could not come to me nor I to you lately. I was truly grieved that it was a calamity in your brother's house. I am afraid I shall never see you in mine. And you have given away Annie, & sent William abroad, & now Horace ; and when Frank comes to College, I think your ties must be looser, & you can come also and see your friends, & renovate Massachusetts. I have had kind notes lately from Randolph, & really thought at one time I should go to Phila. this summer, but I fear I shall not.

You must not,—I had almost forgot to say,—let this particular Carlyle be duplicated again,—without extreme reasons.

Your loving

R. W. E.

## XLIII

Phila. Aug. 25, '54.

My dear friend,

I thank you heartily for the Daguerre, [of Carlyle] altho' I have not yet recd it. It is safe however, if it is in yr brother William's hands. I shall have it in time & will not suffer it to be copied.

I never told you of Frank's great pleasure in the stereoscope. It was in his hand for days—

Nan is very happy in her new & pretty home with her devoted husband, Dr. Wister. He amused us yesterday with an acc<sup>nt</sup> of a professional visit he had just made over night at our friend F—'s at his country seat in Jersey, from which he rides 7 miles every way on his own estate! Our Quaker son-in-law told us of Friend F—'s family prayers conducted by F. himself under difficulties occasioned by great sleepiness & the necessity of keeping clear of the Abolitionism which was slightly sprinkled through his prayer book. In the morning, Mr. F. employs a chaplain a worthy man who preaches to his tenants. On the morning, however, when Dr. W[ister] was present, they all overslept themselves, & prayers were omitted ; the

family, as the Dr observed, 'having to go upon luck for that day, without any special security' —

I certainly must see you & yours in Concord, before the evil days of old age come. Indeed Life is speeding away. Yesterday I attended the funeral of W. McIlhenny of our Athenaeum whom you must recollect. He was 74 but did not look 60 — I have recently enjoyed Whewell's 'Plurality of worlds' particularly the chapters on the Nebulae, Fixed Stars, & Planets. How bewitching Astronomy is ! I am waiting for cool weather to prepare for you

With love for yours

Affectionately

Yr friend W. H. FURNESS.

## XLIV

Concord, 13 Oct. 1854.

My dear friend,

There was a talk between us of lectures, this winter, on the incredible & truth-stranger-than-fiction pattern of the last. But I have been so drowsy and implacable, or, at all events so unsuccessful about the little book I have had in hand, that it has neither got done itself, nor allowed any other thing to be done. Setting aside the natural impossibilities of the lecture-project, as being the very wax you like to mould, I beg you will allow this plea of a badly preoccupied workman, & take no step in the affair, for this winter. In the course of the summer, I will take care to ripen the best I can, various hopeful buds in my conservatory, whose growth has long been arrested, & so I shall have the better hope to justify your habitually exaggerating good opinion of your friends

[Autograph cut off.]

## XLV

Phila. Oct. 18, 54.

My dear Waldo E.,

I was just about moving in the matter of the Lectures when yr letter came. I am sorry you cannot give us the unexpected pleasure & profit, as there would be no difficulty in furnishing you with the pecuniary inducement. Nevertheless circumstances have occurred to reconcile me in some measure to yr decision. Poor F——, with whom we dined, has suffered utter wreck of property & character. He has lost all his own estate & his wife's, & is reported to have forged the signatures of near relatives involving them to large amounts. His father is one of *the* rich men of our city, being rated at millions. He attempted to help his son out of his difficulties & lost \$180,000. It is a very sad affair. I knew very little of this young man. The little I knew of him prepossessed me. I liked his liberal ways & unpretending manners. He is understood to have gone to Europe.

As you have given up lecturing here this winter you will come & give us that promised summer visit & perhaps put a lecture or two in yr trunk? Do!

Why not come & spend a week in our pleasant winter climate & bring yr household with you?

Did I ever tell you how much Frank was pleased with the Stereoscope? It lasted an unusually long time with him —

I have never acknowledged my obligations to you. If you saw any Report of the Anti-Slavery meeting in N. Y. last May, you must have seen that I stole some of yr thunder & how it reverberated through the whole meeting. Almost every speaker that followed me took the thought & insisted not on *speeches* but *sides*.

Commend me to all yrs & account me  
always one of yr oldest & most devoted friends

W. H. FURNESS

A friend, just returned from two years travel in Europe tells me he met a Russian gentleman on the Danube who inquired about Thay-o-dore Parker, a volume of whose [sermons] he had picked up in a Roman Catholic bookstore in Vienna & for whom he expressed great admiration.

And William writes from Berlin that Steinbrück the painter of that beautiful picture of the 'Visit of the Magi' in the Düsseldorf Collection in N. Y. & of my little picture of 'The Tares & the Wheat' (over my front mantel) upon hearing of our being

Unitarians remarked: "My daughter raves about Channing."

So it looks as if some little drops were trickling back to the old world.

If the next No. of the Christian Examiner should come in yr way, glance over it & see whether it contain an Article on a portion of Gliddon's 'Types of Mankind.' The article is written by a Hungarian Jew, a friend of Kossuth's now at Meadville, a hearty lover of yours.

For Form or Outline, my father had a quick eye and retentive memory. Down to the last year of his life, stray scraps of paper, empty envelopes, even fly-leaves in books were embellished by likenesses, generally profiles, of friends and acquaintances. Of course they all verged on caricature, as, it is to be hoped, is the case with this profile of Mr. Thoreau; but they were all unmistakable. That this talent of my father is not the exaggeration of filial love, let one noteworthy instance suffice: — From a recollection of certainly fifty or sixty years, he drew for the daughters of the Rev. Dr Osgood a likeness, not at all a caricature, of their father which they pronounced good and satisfactory.

Even if a profile likeness of Mr. Thoreau be in existence, this sketch may serve to recall him, it is sincerely hoped, not unpleasantly, to his surviving friends. — ED.

Phila. Nov 28. 54

My dear friend,  
we depend upon  
leaving the N.Y. Lecture here.

I was glad to see Mr. Thoreau. He  
was full of interesting talk for the little  
while that we saw him, & it was  
amusing to hear your intonations. And  
then he looked so differently from my  
idea of him <sup>He's something like</sup> <sub>He</sub> He had a glimpse  
of the Academy as he will tell you.  
I could not hear him lecture for  
which I was sorry. Mrs. Garrison  
Haven heard him, & from her report I  
judge the audience was stupid & did  
not appreciate him.

M.H. must love

R. W. E. <sup>Y</sup> W. H. Turner <sub>on</sub>

Phila. Nov. 26, 54.

My dear friend,

We depend upon hearing the N. Y. Lecture here.

I was glad to see Mr. Thoreau. He was full of interesting talk for the little while that we saw him, & it was amusing to hear your intonations. And then he looked so differently from my idea of him. . . . He had a glimpse of the Academy [of Natural Sciences] as he will tell you — I could not hear him lecture for which I was sorry. Miss Caroline Haven heard him, & from her report I judge the audience was stupid & did not appreciate him.

With much love

Yr

W. H. FURNESS

Our friend, W[alter] Langdon is in a very delicate — I might almost say critical state of health — 5 weeks confined to his room, but reported better & very slowly improving for 2 or 3 days past — a severe inflammation of one lung — pneumonia I believe they call it.

## XLVII

Concord 26 Jan. 1855.

My dear Furness,

Something was said, months ago, of my reading an Anti-slavery Lecture in Philadelphia. I said, I can come 2 Feby, Friday. But it was left hanging a little loosely. Is it set down in anybody's programme or intention that I shall come & on that day? If so, write me immediately, for I have a pretty good lecture this time, — good for me, or good "considering," and can come: Good, you understand me, if I am engaged; but not good enough to create an occasion for, if it is not already settled. I beg you to put a strong yoke on that blessed constitutional tenderness of yours towards me, and answer officially.

I should like well to come to Philadelphia before I set forth on a promised circuit in N. Y.; and yet the absence of Walter Langdon darkens the broad hospitable City for me. Where has he carried all that tenderness and strength? Where shall I find him again? And for you — you draw all people unto you — but I know you must want him day by day.

I trust you have good news from your travellers.

Yours affectionately,

WALDO EMERSON.

## XLVIII

Concord 5 Feby 1855

You dear good William, friend of me, I tell you I am heartily disappointed that since I am to go to Phila. & appear before your solemn Antislavery Society, I cannot go as I had counted with advantage in having three days before me. I offered you long since 2 Feby. with that view. Then I had not this luckless 8th day to dispose of. It was promised somewhere, & has been released. Now I am to arrive at Phila only on the P.M. of the 8, to leave it on the A.M. of the 9th to go up the Hudson river, somewhere. How am I to see you and your pictures? How to hear the story of them? How to see Sam B and weave my annual excuse for not going to his house with bag & basket, how to see Philip Randolph, & find why I did not come in summer days?

Well I am glad the boys are happy in Germany, happy in the arts. Who has better right? Who so good? I am going to La Pierre [a hotel].

Yours,

WALDO E.

## XLIX

Concord, Oct. 1 1855

My dear friend,

It is my part always to meet your worth with unworthiness, and so now. I believe I make the worst Antislavery discourses that are made in this country. They are only less bad than Slavery. I incline this winter to promise none. And have not dared to accept any new invitation. Besides, I could not come to Phila.—I know not when. I am to keep by the printers for six weeks or more; then I am to go to Illinois, once more, & for many weeks, in December and before I go and after I return my days are mostly promised. Pity me and forgive. Each of us is in a prison house whose secrets it were a new crime to afflict his brothers with.

I should have answered your kindest note at once, but I had an address on my hands for the Consecration of our Cemetery here in this town which I made on Saturday. . . . [*sic*] You should have added one line of the welfare of Annie Wister, & of the boys away & at home. My eldest girl Ellen goes daily to school to Agassiz.

Your loving

WALDO EMERSON.

Sidney Smith's memoirs though so feebly edited, — they should have applied to you, instead, — must yet have rejoiced your heart. Have you read that wonderful book — with all its formlessness & faults “Leaves of Grass” ? —

L

Phila Oct. 3, 1855.

My dear friend,

Remember your own good word. It is not the speech that one makes in these days that profits, but the side he takes. Even if you could satisfy yourself with a lecture & it were the best possible, still you would be better & more weighty than it. This is one of the great precepts I have got from you & I return it to you for your own use in the present case. It applies beautifully, don't it?

What a privilege it is the next generation is enjoying — to be instructed daily by Agassiz. Horace writes us he saw Agassiz's name signed on the rocks near some glaciers, date '38, they were illustrating his theory. . . .

But do think once more of speaking a word for Freedom among these dry bones. Passmore Williamson is still in prison & the stones in the streets have not cried out. It is dismaying, the stupor & death of the public. Every moment makes it worse. The wrong which K—— has done, is not done, but doing, swelling out & belittling Neapolitan despotism.

Affectionately yours,

W. H. FURNESS.

LI

Concord, 10 Oct. 1855

Ah if you knew how puny & unproductive I am! the pain of Slavery & detestation of our politics only working the wrong way to make me more dumb & sterile. I see at this moment neither arguments nor days to say them in. I am pinned to a printer probably till 1 December, and thence onward I have a long western journey to the Mississippi back & forth for a month or 6 weeks more. The places only are fixed, the dates not. After that, new engagements follow here, tis ignominious to think of. I wait & moan and if in the meantime any word of the [?] should come into me like a sharp sword as it came aforetime to good men I shall be as swift as now I am slow to carry it to Philadelphia. Indeed, it lies in my heart to bring some thing solidly good to that city, before I die: as I have said & done nothing there that was contenting to me. You deserve well of all, best of me. I rejoice in the volley of good news you send of the boys. Ellen is to tell Agassiz of Horace's finding, today.<sup>1</sup>

Your affectionate

WALDO E.

WILLIAM H. F.

<sup>1</sup> While on a walking tour in Switzerland, more than fifty years ago, as I approached the Rosenlau Glaciers I noticed on a flat shelving

Phila. Sept. 29 1856

My dear friend,

I bought a copy of yr last vol. & gave it to Dr. Jackson on the Allegheny Mts., expecting to receive *my* copy from you. It has not come yet. *Where is it?* It is a pity it is so shabbily printed. I have written to Horace whom we expect to see about a month hence to bring home English copies of your vols. atho' none can be so valuable as these I have — They all came from you.

Charles Sumner is still here, we mean to keep him as long as possible — Friend Sam, who you know is a childlike inquirer, whether trying to ascertain yr faith as to immortality, or to decide how he shall vote, has been determined for Fremont by talk with C. S.

Affectionately

Yrs

W. H. FURNESS.

rock innumerable proofs of Professor Agassiz's Glacial Theory; and called my companion's attention to them. I had not gone a dozen paces further when I was thrilled at the sight of the name, deeply graven in the rock, of him who, in my recent college days, I had worshipped as a demi-god: — 'L. AGASSIZ. 1838.' — ED.

## LIII

Oct. 18 '56

My dear Friend,

When we were children together I did not hesitate to beg from you whatever I wanted & you had to give. Why should I hesitate now? I thank you for the copy of your book that I recd some days ago. Handsomely as it was bound, it is not what I wanted. All your other vols I have — all uniformly bound & adorning my bookshelves — all with your autograph enriching every vol. I want a copy of 'English traits' to correspond, & must receive it from you unbound as it would never do to tear off the pretty 'jacket' of this copy that you have sent me. You see my necessities.

Yr publishers wrote me & referred me to half a dozen booksellers, some one of whom had in charge, they said, a copy for me, 'from the author.' I caused inquiries to be made but the copy has not appeared, & I am not sorry, as, since it came through yr publishers, it probably had not that written leaf which is to make my set of your works as valuable as that elegant copy of Junius bound for the author, which has never been found.

In my old age there is reviving in me a love of handsome books, handsome inside & out. That magnificent Boydell's Shakespeare which was given me some few years since is the cause of this revival. I have one splendid bookcasefull containing very few books which no gentleman's library should be without. Your works are not the least valued among these treasures.

To turn from great things to little — what a mess the country is & how the elements spit & sputter! I have already reconciled myself to the non-election of Fremont. If he should be Pres<sup>t</sup>. good man as he may be, would he not naturally try to pacify the Slave Power & show how *constitutional* he is? I fear it.

The struggle is tremendous. It is the world's battle. The regeneration of Europe is to be decided here. How grand it is to see the cause of God & man making its way against the passions, the interests, the will of man! How sublimely the banner streams out *against* the wind! Nearly all the Republican speakers begin with vigorously disclaiming Abolitionism. Don't you want to make an Anti Slavery Speech which shall be "the terror of the earth"? I do.

Heaven bless you and yours.

Affectionately yrs

W. H. FURNESS.

## LIV

Concord 9 June 1857

My dear friend,

I have been slow in writing, for I did not find my bibliopolic friends, Phillips & Sampson, at all courageous about Heine. They have the usual terror of booksellers at any new name, & Heine's name is totally new to them. Tis very sad, & often weakens my sympathy for the craft in this country,—their total unacquaintance with the wares they deal in, & the makers of the wares. They know only those of their own shop, & those which come to them from known shops. These particular men,—P. & S.—are much less acquainted with books than is usual; for, though bold & able business men, they were not bred, I believe, to this business, & having printed one or two books which advertising,—their *cheval de bataille*,—could not carry, they have resolved to believe henceforward in nothing but Mr Prescott & Mrs Stowe; who were both proved, before they engaged with them. They told me, they had printed no new book, but Jackwood, I think, this year. But let ~~not~~ Horace halt a moment. If he gets ready a book of

thoughts & pictures which interest him, he can rely that they will interest others, and he will readily find a publisher, a month sooner or later. Perhaps these very men of ours be eager for the book after a little while.

I have been shut up at home for days & only got a chance to go speak to Phillips, the other day. Munroe I do not now go to; and Field of F. & Ticknor, was away. But I shall be in town again, perhaps tomorrow, & will make further inquiries. Have you taken your Bible oath never to come to Massachusetts, or never with time enough to see my little village & my girls & boy? My house, to which I am making some important addition of convenience, lacks one of the best titles to my love & respect, so long as it has not held you. Tell me when you will come & I will have Hedge & more good men to meet you.

Yours affectionately,

R. WALDO E.

LV

Concord, 15 Jan. 1858

My dear friend,

I am to be in Philadelphia on the 2 February, and certainly shall be glad to obey Mrs. Furness in anything she shall command on the following day or days : and without reward if she will take the night of the 3d. I am glad if you like the Atlantic. We hope when it shall be better. Clough's Autobiography begins in the next number. One would think it would be easy to find good criticism ; but this department it is hard to fill. Then what I call the Zoroastrian element, & which I think essential to a good American journal, Lord Bacon would "note as deficient." And I believe further that we have not had a single correspondent from Philadelphia. I hope we shall yet supply all these deficiencies.

Ever yours affectionately,

R. WALDO E.

## LVI

Sept. 14, '59.

My dear friend,

How are you ? I have been for a long time intending to write to you. You must come & read us some lectures this winter. We shall make arrangements therefore. How are you supplied ?

In looking over some old letters today I came across one from you written more than 20 years ago, in which you ask me about an old friend & pupil of yours, B. P. Hunt, who is now one of my cherished ones. You bid me if I meet him salute ' the good angel ' in him. I delight in him greatly. I have had the pleasure of seeing him every Sunday & of being animated by his presence & sympathy for a year or more past. Like his dwelling, which is a suburban spot, that the city has grown round without destroying its fresh rural character, he keeps a heart in unison with Truth & good, & when I wish to regale myself of a Monday morning, I jump into a Passenger Car (or King's coach) & go out to see Mr. Hunt & talk about you & New England. He labours under heart disease & is timid about coming to church, fearing that the close air may bring on a paroxysm.

These old letters, you see, have spoken to me across the great gap of time as if just from the Post, & I am answering them again. I send you some poor words of mine now & then merely as a nod across the street, not to inflict upon you the necessity of reading what I send. You ought to receive one of these missives by this same mail. I am always imposing some office of kindness upon you. Whether I am returning to my childhood & getting garrulous I know not, but for some time past I have had great satisfaction in writing & preparing my weekly homily. The 'one idea' of which I am accounted the victim, is wonderfully prolific. It rays out in all directions.

I depend upon sending your daughter soon a copy of a new edition of my 'Gems of German Verse' greatly enlarged.

We are to have a celebration of Schiller's birthday here (10th November) & the Song of the Bell is to be sung, & there is to be an address in German & I am to say something in English.

How that old letter has set me babbling. Sam was in to see us the other evening, the same simple-hearted loyal man, a little in the dark about immortality, or rather disturbed about other folks' darkness, immortal himself however in his goodness.

Are you not amused at this novel experience of growing old? I am in my 58th year, a grandfather,

& William H. expects to be married in 2 or 3 weeks.  
You are I believe a year my junior, but whether that  
is being behind or before me in time, I cannot tell.

Please let me know how you stand affected about  
Lectures & hold me as ever

heartily yours,

W. H. FURNESS.

## LVII

Concord — Sept. 22, 1859

My dear friend,

May you live always, as you *will*; but may you live on the earth to keep it bright and warm as long as I have a part here! I always think better of myself when I see your letters & that your kindness endures.

And you have taken, as you must, the right part in this Unitarian brawl, & have said better what I tried to say yesterday to Bartol about Bellows & Parker. I met Bellows the other day, & told him how wrong I tho't him about Parker. He said, he tho't less of men, more of institutions. Certainly, I said, you must prefer the putty to the painter. But he could not even see that Horace Mann & Parker trained in the same company.

I am heartily glad to see the good gravitation, & that you & Hunt have joined. I have owed very happy days to him when he was but an overgrown boy, and I have ever regretted that he was whirled out of my vicinage, & I have met him too rarely to restore our relations. It warms my heart to think that you have him.

How dare you ask me again for lectures? Could  
ever a singer learn to say No, when invited to warble?  
Certainly I should come to you

[The rest gone.]

## LVIII

Sept. 26, '59.

My dear Ralph,

You must let me, even should the privilege be exclusive, name you so, for so I called you at Miss Nancy D.'s & at Mr. Webb's. It identifies you.

You will not make any arrangements for January before consulting us. We must have that new Boston course here. That's decided.

Your words about our Unitarian 'brawl' refresh me. Our miserable little talents are constantly in our way. Bellows is one of the many, whose talents, ready and instant, anticipate their genius. New York too acts upon him mightily, & he is hurried into positions which his generous spirit would never choose. He seems to me to trifle with the great Truth not through levity but impatience & a desire for effect, beginning where if one begins he is likely to end, outside. A man should think & preach for himself, treating himself as representative. So you have taught us.

The unconscious arrogance with which we Christians assume to be in the right is getting to be a nui-

sance. W[endell] Phillips says nothing can exceed the impudence of a Church member, e.g. H. W. Beecher & H. W. Bellows, in talking about Theodore Parker.

P[arker] says things that are annoying to us orthodox, but through God's grace I look at him in the rough, sketchy, M. Angelo fashion, without picking at particulars, & he is a noble fact in our day & will illustrate Boston in history. I was grieved that Hedge should impugn Conway's motive, calling the Resolution an 'imposition.' Had the alumni been genial & humane, they would have owed thanks to C. for a means of grace. I do not believe there is a man of them that does not like P[arker] in his heart. But the 'fool's word, consistency' tript them.

It is worth your coming to us to see our friend Hunt's cosy country collegelike library in the midst of a city. I have the photograph of that admirable crayon of you hanging on my wall, dear to me for your sake & Hunt's, who gave it to me.

Heartily yours,  
W. H. FURNNESS.

## LIX

Concord 6 October 1859

My dear William, —

And if I called you so two and fifty years ago, tell your wife that her rights to the name are recent beside mine. Tell her, too, what she believes already, that your heart is no older now than it was then. And I find that this affectionate memory of yours which spans so vigorously the whole term from Mrs. Whitwell's to 1859, makes & keeps the blood warmer in all your company. I feel, indeed, in looking at this long stretch, what Jonathan Phillips once said to me, "Sir, I have lived a very long time." But I also feel that Philadelphia is a large town, chiefly distinguished as the residence of William Furness & Sam Bradford. These are the golden ; in the silver class are Hunt and Randolph.

But let me not forget the instant occasion of my writing. You say I shall come to Phila. in January. It is pleasant to think of. But if I were really thinking to come and read, — is January the best time? In Boston, I have found, of late years, March, & April, & even May, quite as good. The people, are pleased to fancy

somewhat exceptional in my course, which the previous excess of lectures does not affect. I ask because it is not easy at this time, in my correspondence, to keep January sacred. Already it is mortgaged from 23rd to 31st. But I could hold the first 20 days. Another point; I have already an application for a lecture in Phila. It is not comity, is it? to come to singulars when one is coming to the Public? But neither of these questions can you answer, & therefore I shall probably decide to refuse the Phila. applicants, & on the other hand invade the sacred January.

Yours affectionately,

RALPH.

## LX

Oct 11, 59

My dear Ralph,

When I talk of January for your Lecture, I suppose that time to be most agreeable to you. Why not suit yourself, we expect to be independent of seasons & public humors, as our purpose is to gather your company & to have them ready for you? You need not refuse any invitation to read a *single* Lecture here previously; that will not injure but help a course of 5 or 6 afterwards.

What stirring words have been spoken of late — S. Johnson's Sermon in last week's Liberator, & W. Phillips' Lecture. J. F. Clarke grows visibly. Truth is *not* a shadow, but full of a divine virtue. The very or rather the bare touch of it electrifies & expands. I have had O. B. Frothingham here, a wise, calm & selfunderstanding young man. New York is the better for him. He tells me his father & Theodore P[arker] have been hobnobbing in Switzerland! Is n't it funny? If there is a man whom the soul of Dr. F[rothingham] thought it abhorred, it is Theodore Parker. How he used to denounce him! I know

not why, unless it was for letting his cat out of the bag (Dr. F. being you know in former times our clerical infidel), but now they meet, countrymen in a foreign land, & theological differences become frivolous. How good & strong the heart is, tho' we try it sadly with our endeavours to make it go our narrow ways instead of its own broad ones. But goodbye.

I cherish all your affectionate words. They ring of the past. It is pleasant when life is contracting in front of us to have it lengthen away into the past, & the old playground and school benches become visible again.

Heaven bless you dear friend,

Affectionately yours,

W. H. FURNESS.

1426 Pine St.

LXI

Concord 23 Dec 1859

My dear friend,

Certainly I will come to the Revere House on Thursday 29th at noon, and with joy. That day I am promised to dine with Mrs. Lowell Putnam in town. But if irresistible magnetism of Phila. can be intercepted on these last days of the year, I will bring you to my house the next morning, & keep you tenderly, and all Concord shall ring with joy, and you shall dine on Saturday with our Club that I have bragged to you, Lowell, Agassiz, Longfellow, & the rest.

Be good & bring your mind to it, my dear William,  
Affectionately,

WALDO E.

## LXII

Jan. 9, 60

My dear Ralph,

I am filled with sorrow at not seeing you. But who can stand before your cold? It assaulted me so fiercely, leaving its marks upon my head & eyes that, an old vegetable as I am, I fled before it, fearing that erysipelas or something of the sort was going to detain me. The affection or infliction was new, and as I did not know what it portended, I felt I should be at home. But I promised to return in a few weeks and then I must see you, if all the rest of New England goes unseen. I was bound to Medford that Saturday by a long pre-engagement. Miss Lucy Osgood had lost her sister 3 months since.

I left a note & book for you with C. Sumner, who promised to hand them to you. I fear they are still on his centre table.

I depended upon talking with you about the Lectures. About five & twenty persons (elect & such as are to be saved) have agreed to pay \$10 each for the course. I think the number may be doubled. When all are got, then you will decide the time & come &

inspire us & enjoy yourself. By all the tender memories of our childhood, do not, I beseech you, breathe a word about my taking trouble &c. I do no such thing. You offend against friendship & betray distrust if you dare to whisper a word of apology. I want you to come & lecture for your sake & my sake & everything's & everybody's. If there is any trouble to be taken, P. Randolph will mind all that.

And then how I longed to talk with you about the times. What a Day of Judgment it is, not only for this country but for the world. Milton's fight between Heaven & Hell is but a skirmish to the hand to hand battle into which we [are] plunging with the Powers of Darkness.

How I envy Mrs. Mott who does her duty & leaves the Almighty to do his. But I want to precipitate results.

God bless you, dear friend.

Affectionately

WILLIAM H. F.

## LXIII

Concord, 14 Jan. 1860

Dear William,

You should have stayed a little longer in the native air which thought it no wrong to give an own son a taste of its quality. It softened in the next days & my letter lies still I suppose at the "Revere," urging you to come pass the Tuesday or Wednesday with me, for I had heard that you were to stay till Sunday and testify at the Music Hall. Now it has all gone wrong for me who go westward in a few days, and, I fear, shall not be at home for a month, say about 20th February. Write you immediately to the Music Hall, that you can not come till the last Sunday in February. Then will I receive & hear you. I knew nothing of the death of Miss Osgood, & did not dream that anyone had claims like mine. But come on the last Sunday of February, & you shall be at the Club (which you slighted now,) on the last Saturday of February. Sumner brought the fair tinted book & I brought it home to Ellen, who will, (if she has not already) give her own account of her dealings with it. She read to me the other day, the graceful version

of "the Giant's Plaything," & set me guessing on the initials A. L. W. Is that your Annie??

For the Philadelphia visit of March I read what you say, with great eyes. The forces of gravity & of caloric joined will draw me and I shall come, there can be no doubt. But I will write you again on the matter.

And am ever your bounden

WALDO E.

I shall hear the Plea of Peace at the Music Hall?

## LXIV

*The following extract, from a letter written by her father, was most kindly sent to me by Mr. Emerson's daughter, Mrs. Forbes, in the assured belief that its affectionate reference to his old friend would be always prized by that friend's descendants.*

*The letter is addressed to Miss Russell, in May, 1860, on the eve of her departure, for health's sake, to a milder climate.*  
—ED.

‘I heartily wish to hear that you find the climate of Philadelphia kinder and gladder than ours in Massachusetts for the late weeks, and healing and inspiring to yourself. I delight in that city and reckon it a good hospital. William Furness (senior of course,) has a face like a benediction, and a speech like a benefaction, and his stories more curative than the Phila. Faculty of Medicine. I entreat you to put yourself under his treatment.’

Dec. 2, '61.

My dear R. W.

I send you a copy of some verses which, when read to me the other day by Mrs. Wister, struck me as smooth & lively enough to grace the pages of the Atlantic. They are the work of a young doctor here who makes no pretensions (Mitchell by name, he married the only daughter of Alfred Elwyn whom you recollect) He does not wish to put his name to them. So please to regard them as anonymous. If you think them worthy will you send them to the Editor — I don't know who the Editor is. If I did I think I should still send them thro' you as I have pleasure in sending you a greeting. I hear of you now & then that you are all well except that boy of yours whose studies I hear are interrupted by lack of health. I trust he is very soon to be all right again.

And so, as my sister Mary tells me, you are talking about old Age — I do not wonder. I do not wonder an old man grows garrulous, having so novel an experience at hand. So many people have grown old & yet nobody ever told me what a new strange thing

it is. Approaching the end of my 60th year, I do not get used to it. Sometimes when I look at my children, grown men & a woman, I laugh outright at such a boy as I, invested with such venerable relations — wig & spectacles on a baby head. It is hard to get up the appropriate dignity. I suppose Nature disables us as we grow old, to assist us to maintain the due gravity & keep us from irreverend antics.

And you are of good cheer about the times I know. It's a great day when men are brought perforce in contact with ideas that electrify & re-create them. No delays nor disasters have yet extinguished in me the delight of discovering that we are not a mob accidentally brought together but really a people — that a national heart is here beating, very irregularly but still beating.

Sam B. has been living rent free in a rural palace the last summer, which I think has comforted him in the midst of the great trouble. He would send his love to you were he at hand.

With all good wishes

Ever & heartily yrs

W. H. FURNESS

## LXVI

Concord, 13 February.<sup>1</sup>

My dear friend,

I passed through Philadelphia very sadly the other day that I could not stop. I had thought that I had engaged to be one night at some “Spring Garden,” in your purlieus; but, at Washington, I had a letter proposing a later day, to which I could not arrange myself, and then found myself using the time at Washington I had hoped for Phila. &, in consequence, dragged on to N. Y., through your sacred precinct, without seeing one friendly face. I was the more vexed, because I had hived some quite novel experiences at Washington for your ear. But the instant errand was to exculpate myself of neglect of your letter. I had at once carried the verses on “Strasburg Clock” to Fields, who agreed to print them, & they were to appear in the March number. But something hindered this, & they are, I understand, to ap-

<sup>1</sup> ‘I am almost sure from the text that this refers to the visit to Washington in 1862 (Jan.) when he gave his address “Civilization at a Pinch,” in which he urged Emancipation before the Southerners.’ — E. W. E.

pear in April. And now I find at home "John Brown,"<sup>1</sup> which is excellent, & ought to be the most effective song that theme has found. I take it to be your own, — as much as anything so good can be any one's own. And are these lines published? If not, they should go to the "Atlantic" at once. If they have not appeared in any journal, send me word at once. How much there is to say of times & men! Conway's statement, on his return, of his Emancipation Argument, I thought of great importance, but I fear he does not so much justice to it in public, as in tête à tête. I still hope that I may yet see you ere long.

Yours affectionately,

R. WALDO E.

<sup>1</sup> Some verses composed by my father.—ED.

## LXVII

Feb. 17 '62

My dear friend,

Thanks for your kind care of the 'Strasburg Clock' — The author, an unpretending & right loveable man, is son-in-law of Alfred Elwyn whom you remember. I was taken with the verses partly because they came from so unexpected a quarter.

As to the John Brown song I'm pleased that you like it. I should like it better — good Saxon that it is, if W. H. F. did not think so well of it. His judgement is not worth a pin in a case in which he is so deeply interested. I sent a copy to Foster the man who composes the popular negro melodies in the hope that it may sing itself in his heart & ear. Mrs. Wister makes it go to "A man's a man for a' that" — & M—— F—— has set it to a very taking old Scotch march, a little too lively. It appeared, I see, in last week's Anti-Slavery Standard, with the vexatious omission of a word — But let it go, whatever of the kind is alive, always puts out legs or wings.

How glad we should have been to see you. But we had but faint hopes of it. It's a pity we missed your

lecture. Had you only dropt me a line, it certainly could have been managed.

These are grand times. Virginia almost squares her debt by the gift of Conway. He trusted, I hear, in Washington to his old Methodist habit of using no notes. The experience was blest to him for he came to my house & spent two days in writing out his Lecture — It was very striking. He read it to us.

But I wonder at the taste of the Upper Powers in tolerating such monstrous stupidity in mankind. Just think of New England folks petitioning Congress to let the negro alone. Petition the mouse under the cat's paw to let the cat alone! "Gentlemen, I respect yr feelings, but I am astonished at your existence," as Sidney Smith says to the *Honest* No-popery people —

Heartily as ever

Yrs

W. H. FURNESS.

## LXVIII

Concord, 16 Nov<sup>r</sup>

My dear friend,

I was grieved to be so slow, but I did not get to Boston with my scroll till yesterday morning. I first had a talk with Fields but there was plainly no use in negotiation there, when the first point was, that, if it should be desirable to him to print it, he could not yet for six months. So I sought Allen of the Examiner. He was not in town, but at Northfield. Fox I found, and he was altogether friendly and received the MS with tenderness and care, in behalf of Allen, to whom it must go. I told him my experience & impressions about it, which he engaged to transmit to Allen. And Fox did not seem to believe that the two papers on Renan they had printed need hinder the publishing of this. On my next visit to town, I will see Fox again, or Allen.

I give you joy on the elections and the good omen to mankind. Proud of heart you have a right to be with your devotion without an interval. You have a right to read the tidings of great joy which one finds

1863 — or 1864. — E. W. E.

in obscure scraps scattered in every journal; ‘Emancipation in Maryland,’ ‘in Louisiana,’ ‘in Tennessee,’ ‘in Missouri,’ &c. And yet I know well how meekly you will wear your dazzling crown. May Peace and Love and Prosperity lacquey your steps!—on one condition, however, that you come to see

Your affectionate

R. W. E.

## LXIX

Phila. March 31, '67.

My dear friend,

Our sorrow has countless alleviations.<sup>1</sup> We are lifted up & sustained by the sympathy which has come to us from so many who knew our boy & appreciated him. It is a happiness that you knew him & that he knew you. The last luxury he gave himself was having his wellworn copy of yr Poems very handsomely bound. With what delicious intelligence did he read the "Woodnotes," his favorite — His tones sound in my ears at the remembrance — I cannot think I deceive myself — More than all he had done, more than all I looked for him to do, & my expectation knew no bounds, I delighted in his spirit & divine quality as an artist. I think I could not have been so interested in his work, had I discerned in him the slightest disposition to seek compensation either in fame or money. He had no need to obey your injunction to throw away his paint, & kneel with the worshippers. He painted on his knees. His portraits

<sup>1</sup> Written after the sudden death of his eldest son, W. H. F., jr., — an artist of unusual promise. — ED.

were not made, they grew. He was every day feeling more & more that they came of themselves. He saw faults in the best of them & yet the poorest were sacred to him —

But I must restrain myself & not talk of him too much. His death changes life for us. The new world into which it has led us is not gloomy. I cannot tell you what it is like. It has a strange charm. We move about as in a dream which the thought of him makes sad & tender & bright

I will send you a photograph of him from a daguerreotype taken when he was about 30 — It is so beautiful that I please myself with thinking that you will pin it up under the portrait of Edith — If you do not receive it directly, I will send it to Little, Brown & Co's where, when you go to the city, please call for it.

Remember me to your brother W<sup>m</sup>. & all yours  
Heaven bless & keep us all

Lovingly Yr lifelong friend

W. H. FURNESS.

I do not consider his portrait of you (you see affection does not blind me) as good as he would have made it — I advised him not to finish it, to keep it on hand indefinitely & work upon it as he might have opportunity.

## LXX

Sept 15 '68

My dear Friend,

I have this moment heard of the death of yr brother. It shocks me. I knew his health was feeble, but I never tho't that we were so soon to lose him. I held him in great respect & whenever I was in N. Y. for a day or two, I loved to look in upon him & have a little chat. What a fine sense he had of everything good. The last time I was in N. Y. I heard of him but I did not go to see him because my stay was so short & he seemed so far distant—I am very sorry now. I have a little book just coming out, & he was one of the few persons that I wished to send it to—I think he would have given it such a kind reception—Heaven bless him —

Our hold is loosening, dear friend. There is something more than comfort in living among these blessed memories—How large is my debt to you, & my children's! I cannot speak of it without becoming incoherent, voice & heart are choked. What a delicious breathing of natural piety 'Terminus' is! A thousand blessings on you too, dear, admirable

friend. This wave which has landed yr brother before us — this too you know is ‘ charmed ’

Affectionately

W. H. FURNESS.

## LXXI

Phila Sept. 21 '69

My dear friend,

I have seen our friend T. B. Pugh once or twice lately & he has asked me to write to you & assure you, as I can with confidence, that there will be no lack of a crowd if you will come & make one of his 'Star Course of Lectures'

He has an excellent faculty of getting up such things & you can come in perfect faith

We are growing old, dear friend, & it seems to me all the deaths in the newspapers are of persons about our age between 60 & 65 & 70. I long to see your kind face once more—I hate travelling & having been some 5 & 40 years or thereabouts in this place, my roots have struck deep, I can't bear to be away lest some old friend should drop off.

Wm's wife & child are at home again & she lets me keep this portrait of you, & for yr sake & the artist's it is a perpetual comforter—I have half a dozen grandchildren & they are so fine that the world may go now as it will, a generation is coming that will set all right—I am as much interested as ever in my old

hobby, the historical facts of the Life of Jesus. Since the world has been disputing about him for so many centuries, I can't think it's the waste of a life to give it to the attempt to establish the truth about him — I should have sent you my last little book but I was afraid it might create in you a feeling that you must read it.

I have spent the Summer Vacation at Horace's eleven miles away. As when relaxation is the order of the day, one must have a little work by way of amusement, I have been at the dear old subject again & believe now that I have set the case in such a light that our radicals must see it, not that I have any serious design of publishing any more. Its good stuff for preaching.

I rode a few squares in the street cars with Sam B. this morning & he is immortally the same. Heaven bless him!

Glad as I must be to hear from you, don't write unless you can't help it but take my word for the success of the Lecture & hold me about your oldest friend alive

Affectionately

W. H. FURNESS

LXXII

Concord — Tuesday, Eve. 23 Nov.<sup>1</sup>

My dear William,

You are very welcome to Massachusetts & to me. In the first place, keep yourself safe from all engagements for Saturday, when you must dine with the Saturday Club, who all are or will be your friends. Secondly, though first in time, you must come up into the November pastures on Thursday, in the 11 o'clock Fitchburg train, & spend a day with me; & my wife & Ellen Emerson, & Edith Forbes — who is here for a week, — & Edith Forbes's picture,<sup>2</sup> which is a perpetual ornament & memorial dearly prized, — shall greet you well. I passed through Cambridge this morning without a guess of the sojourner within the gates. Yet cannot at this moment fix the hour when I can come to you.

Ever affectionately yours  
R. W. EMERSON.

<sup>1</sup> Probably about 1868 or 1869. — E. W. E.

<sup>2</sup> A portrait of Mrs. Forbes, by W. H. F., jr. — ED.

LXXIII

Boston, Thursday, [November?] 1869.

11.30 A. M.

My dear friend,

I have been following [you] since early morning with a houndlike closeness which deserved a better success. At no expected point will you appear. I was to bring you home with me at 11 o'clock. Now I wish at least to make it certain that you will dine with me at the Saturday Club at 2.30 P. M. at the Parker House day after tomorrow and if possible go home with me thereafter. Today I will come to this Unitarian Office at 1. o'clock & shall be at the Athenaeum mainly till then.

Yours always,

R. W. E.





*Samuel Bradford*



## LXXIV

Concord 4 February, 1870.<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sam,

I have just received your kind note, & am almost ashamed to say, as often before, that when I go on these *professional* errands I am very bad company, & must go to an inn. A lecture is a nervous disorder & hides itself like other distempers in a chamber. But I am glad to have the hope of seeing you & your household once again. Tis long since I have heard from you except through your loving note, after my brother's death.

For William Furness when he was here never showed me his face though I pursued him in Cambridge & Boston for two days in vain. He had his grandchild with him (as well as his own affairs,) & the poor little boy must suddenly be carried home to die. I almost fear to see him after such griefs as he has had.

<sup>1</sup> Through the kindness of Miss Annie Bradford I am enabled to print this letter to her father; and also another dated '11 March '75.' The triple friendship would be insubstantial without this tangible proof.—ED.

I hope to be in the Lapierre House some time on Monday, perhaps early in the afternoon and depend on seeing you there as well as in your own house.

With kind remembrances to your wife & children,

Affectionately yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

Samuel Bradford.

LXXV

I am very sorry to trouble you, my dear Waldo, but I fear that you have not received a print which I sent you more than a week ago, and of which I am anxiously waiting to have your judgment and Mrs. Emerson's.

I do not at present intend to print more than a dozen or two. Altho' the few of your friends who have seen it here are entirely pleased with it, yet I shall not consider that I have an official imprimatur without the favourable opinion of your family circle. It does not, no engraving can, come up to the precious original portrait but does Miss Emily S[artain] great credit.

Ever cordially yours,

W. H. FURNESS.

Phila., Dec. 15, '71.

## LXXVI

Concord, 17 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1871.

My dear Furness,

I have just now returned from an unexpected visit,— say rather untimed visit, to the West, which I had promised for a certain date, which date I must think the local Committee altered— (I hope by mistake) to a date more convenient to them, & then assured me by repeated telegrams that they had my own signature to their date, & so led me from my Thanksgiving party just gathered for the morrow, to the doleful journey. Then it appeared no such signature could be found. At home again, I found your letter, & your Sartain copy<sup>1</sup> of William Furness's picture, safely arrived. I have, as I suppose all old people have, a little terror at facing one's own face,— nay, I think I have a good deal of unwillingness, increasing on each experiment. But I will not quote to you Richard III.'s soliloquy — Well, my alarm was not a little relieved on drawing out & positing the head. It was certainly a kinder & more desirable figure & ex-

<sup>1</sup> A mezzotint engraving of the portrait of Mr. Emerson by W. H. F., jr.— ED.

pression than I fear any photograph would give me. My wife was called, & instantly adopted it, & declared it was not only a good picture, but an excellent likeness, — better than any other. My daughter Ellen found it good, & Elizabeth Hoar found in it a likeness of all the Emersons; — so that nothing is left me but to express my thanks to Miss Sartain, the artist, & to yourself for your steadfast tenderness to your friend, which led your son to this work, which it seems was so skilfully & masterly done. All the year round I remember him as a benefactor in the admirable picture of Edith E. Forbes which beams his praise in my parlor. So you shall do what you & Miss Sartain think proper with this drawing, with the goodwill of this household. If she prints copies, I shall be glad to have her send me, say 12 copies at the fixed price. For yourself — if you do not come to see me, I shall come & see you.

Affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

## LXXVII

My dear Waldo,

I am amply rewarded for waiting. Altho' we all rejoiced in Miss Sartain's success, yet I feared your innermost circle might not be as well pleased. I am under an obligation to you & Mrs. Emerson & Miss Ellen for liking the print. It is such a precious souvenir on so many dear accounts that I have no mind to sell it. I desire even to guard it against the photographers. You give me gratifying proof of your liking by wishing for so many. You shall have 12 copies, but they are not for sale. The steel plate is my property. Sam B[radford] shall have it & Benj. Hunt & some others of our friends, yours & mine.

Those Western folk were not worthy of you. You must never again go farther from home than Philadelphia.

We had a high day last Sunday at our Church—R[obert] Collyer & Charles Ames. Do you know Ames? second to no man in the American pulpit, a glorious fellow.

With loving regards for all who love you

Yours ever

W. H. FURNESS.

Phila. Dec. 20, '71.

## LXXVIII

Concord 11 Augt. '72.

My dear William Furness,

If ever man deserved well of his friend, it is you. Yet it has happened to me again & again by some inopportune chance to be hindered or disabled when most I ought & most I wished to write to you. It is too ridiculous that a fire should make an old scholar sick: but the exposures of that morning, & the necessities of the following days which kept me a large part of the time in the blaze of the sun have in every way demoralized me for the present,—incapable of any sane or just action.

Be at rest however about the noble picture which your son made of Edith Forbes. It hung in the parlor, & was carried out in perfect safety before the fall of a chimney broke in the ceiling of the room. We are very happy in its preservation. Tomorrow we look for the arrival of Edith F. with her husband & four children at Boston from Liverpool — quite ignorant of our disaster.

I am sorry to learn that I never acknowledged the receipt of the twelve copies of Miss Sartain's copy of

William F.'s picture of me. I believe they were sent to my house whilst I was in California, and with the firm intention to write, I suppose, as has happened to me before, — that I soon persuaded myself that I had written my thanks. These signal proofs of my debility & decay ought to persuade you at your first northern excursion to come & re-animate & renew the failing powers of

Your still affectionate old friend,

R. W. EMERSON.

## LXXIX

You are to read a lecture here on the 18th prox. Now, friend beloved, do give your old friend the happiness of having you once more under his roof. You shall be as free as air. We have no household ways to hamper you. We observe no hours. We have a comfortable bedchamber, large, with a comfortable little parlor adjoining. They shall be your castle. They have long been unoccupied, except by occasional guests, as Frank and his family are no longer dwelling with us. And besides I have ended my pastorate with my fifty years, & am not a poor minister. So *do come to us*. You will surely come, if your quick conceiving imagination will only dwell for a moment on the pleasure you will give us both. Mrs. Furness joins me in every word that I say & will only be too happy to welcome Mrs. Emerson and your daughter with you.

Consider too whether you cannot take the opportunity of doing something more than giving us one lecture.

I almost wish I had not forgiven you for not answering my letters. I might found some claim upon you on that score.

You will answer this & say that 1426 *Pine St.* shall be your home in Philadelphia. If you do not answer, I shall take silence for consent & bless myself.

Heartily & faithfully

Your ancient friend,

W. H. FURNESS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 5, '75.

Is it possible that you have been untouched by the grace with which I have resigned you on your past visits to Hotels?

Your shadow<sup>1</sup> is on our walls, let us have the substance once more before we depart.

<sup>1</sup> This Portrait of Mr. Emerson by W. H. Furness, jr., is now, by bequest, in the possession of 'The Academy of the Fine Arts' in Philadelphia. — ED.

## LXXX

Concord, Feb. 10, '75.

My dear friend,

Oldest friend of all, — old as Mrs. Whitwell's school, & remembered still with that red & white handkerchief which charmed me with its cats & rats of pre-historic art, & later with your own native genius with pencil & pen, up & upward from Latin School & Mr. Webb's noonday's writing, to Harvard, — you, my only Maecenas, & I your adoring critic, & so on & onward, but always the same, a small mutual admiration society of two, — which we seem to have founded in Summer Street, and never quite forgotten despite the 300 miles, tyrannical miles between Philad. & Concord — Well what shall I say in my defence of my stolid silence at which you hint. Why, only this, — that while you have, I believe, some months advance of me in age, the gods have given you some draught of their perennial cup & withheld the same from me. I have for the last two years, I believe, written nothing in my once diurnal manuscripts & never a letter that I could omit (inclusive too of some that I ought not omit) and this ap-

plies to none more than yours. Now comes your new letter with all your affectionate memories & presence fresh as roses. I had received an invitation from Mr. Childs, (who had sent me for years his monthly papers, until they ended though I have never seen him) with large invitation to his house, & with some deliberation I said Yes, & wrote him so, in spite of my almost uniform practice of choosing the hotel when I read lectures, for the reason that my lecture is never finished, but always needs a super-final attention. Then came your letter, & I must obey it. My daughter Ellen who goes always with my antiquity, insists that *we* shall, and I must write NO to Mr. Childs. So you & Mrs. Furness receive our affectionate thanks for the welcome you have sent us. My love to Sam Bradford, if you meet him.

Your affectionate

R. W. EMERSON.

My Wife — too much an invalid, sends you her kindest regards.

February, 1875.

My dear old friend,

A thousand thanks for the promised favor. Mrs. Emerson's words to me, that one time I was in Concord, are fulfilled: Miss Ellen is 'your guide, philosopher, & friend.'

I went this morning to see our friend Childs, a man of marvellously sweet nature. His countenance is a demonstration of the fact that his first progenitor's features have re-appeared in him, the features that suggested the family name, so *childlike* are they. Twenty applications may be made to him in a day for charitable objects of all sorts & not one of them but will have a benefaction, & the last will be as kindly met as the first. I went to see him for I was greatly in his debt. He had a great entertainment the other evening, Presidents & English Earls, & all manner of distinguished persons were invited & special trains from & to New York & Baltimore & Washington, were provided for them, & if you had hinted that you would come, there would have been a special car for you from Concord to Philadelphia. I was invited

but I neither went nor did I answer the card of invitation. That was one item against me. Then he had tried to get Charles Lamb's MS. of the Dissertation on Roast Pig & I have it. That was another. And lastly I am taking you from him. To be sure this was only taking my own property. He was as gracious & cordial as possible, cancelling the whole debt in the handsomest manner.

We collected a little while ago some eighty pounds for Mrs. Moxon, C. Lamb's adopted daughter, who with a large family was represented to us as being in straitened circumstances. I went to friend Childs. *He had already sent her a bill for twenty-five pounds,* making the donation more than a hundred pounds in all.

Be entirely at your ease. This letter is unanswerable. O those dear old times. I have not to this hour become insensible to the delicious flattery of your scorn of me when I once gave up one of my immortal works of Art in exchange for an *architectural* drawing of McClure's (do you recollect a boy of that name?) His genius ran exclusively in that line. I was charmed with his colonnades & ready to give a whole troop of Boston Hussars for one of his sketches, which, however, you did not think much of.

Please don't make any engagements that will shorten your visit to us. Take it leisurely. But I have

Miss Ellen in our interest. She will send us a telegram, telling us what train you come by. Our children must become acquainted, & you must give them a little time.

With loving thoughts,

Yours,

W. H. FURNESS.

In resigning my pulpit the other day I was emboldened by your warrant. Miss Fanny Clarke who travelled with you in Egypt some two years ago, told me, after I had told her that purpose, that you said upon her telling you that I had just completed my 48th year, you hoped I would resign at the end of 50 years. You have forgotten it, I suppose.

## LXXXII

Concord, 11 March, '75.

My dear Sam,

I am delighted to see your writing again, & to be invited again to your home. Surely I shall come to see you, but it is now settled that I am to come with my daughter Ellen to William Furness's house.

You know that he & I were first acquainted at Mrs. Whitwell's School — aged 4 & 5, — & you & I never until 5 or 6; so he plainly had the oldest claim. Happy I that can claim two such sturdy friends in my seventy first Spring. I believe all three of us have agreed not to grow old, — certainly not to each other — and I am glad to read what you say of Dr. Furness's, & what of your own family. Give my thankful regards to the last, & I remain

Your affectionate

R. W. EMERSON

Samuel Bradford, Esq.





## LXXXIII

25 March, 1875

My dear Waldo,

As I doubt not you would never have forgiven Adam had he been so ungentlemanly, not to say unchristian, as to refuse to take a bite of the apple which had the marks of his lady's teeth in it, forbidden tho' it was—we should all of us be indeed "girt in the poisoned robes of hereditary depravity" \* had he been so base,—you will surely not find it in your heart to condemn our photographic friend, Gutekunst, for taking advantage of the opportunity, &, when the pleasure of mankind was concerned, disregarding all considerations of personal veracity, &, at one of the sittings of the Three Boys, directing the attention of the sun particularly to yourself.

I send you a specimen of the result. He says he honestly meant to take us all three, but Sam's & mine were failures, while yours was so good, he cut it out, & you have it with the others which I sent by this mail. Either the photographer aimed particularly

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\* Repeated some 60 years ago with admiring intonation by R. W. E. to W. H. F. from a sermon by N. L. F[rothingham].

at you, or the divinity you wot of, which is always whittling ends, got command of the instrument.

We are all so pleased with this single head that, had I been an accomplice in its production, I should not be ashamed of it. After all Mr. G. puts the negative entirely at your disposal. If you say the word, it shall be destroyed.

The other specimens which I send you are numbered 1, 2, 3, (the 4th was poor). Please let us know which is liked best, & of which you prefer to have a number. The photographer tells me they can be enlarged.

Will you assure Mr. Charles Hudson that I am not the most impudent of men. His Committee have honored me with an invitation to your great Celebration. In answering it, I have been so bold as to ask whether Horace Binney be invited, a Watertown man, born five years after the Battle was fought, graduate of Harvard, the Glory of our Bar. He would not think of coming to you but he might send you a patriotic word. He is understood to be in full possession of his fine powers.

What a delightful memory we are enriched with!  
The happy visit! -

With the heartiest good wishes for you all

Affectionately

W. H. FURNESS.





## LXXXIV

Concord, April 3, '75.

My dear William Furness, best of boys and best of men,

I never write in these days, but must rejoice in your existence & perfect preservation when all your Contemporaries are shedding theirs. The photographs came, & I tried to compare & decide which to keep & which to burn, but was too glad to leave them to Ellen for judgment. Each was best to one sitter but Ellen shall choose. Meantime I rejoice in the recollection of your happiest family which seems never to have had but one loss. With your possession & your memories, I count you the most favored of contemporary men. After seeing your children, to find your brother still at the next door to you,— was a joyful wonder. I send my kindest regards to your Wife, & to all & each of these; & please tell them that there is an old man in the Country not far from Boston who would dearly like to see their faces in his house, & to show them to his neighbours, some of whom are very esti-

mable persons. And do not forget to give my love to Sam Bradford.

[Autograph cut out.]

I sent our Committee's card of invitation to Mr. Horace Binney as you suggested.

LXXXV

Concord, May 7, '75.

My dear William Furness,

My Wife prays me to assure you of her sincere thanks for the photograph which she received from you through the hands of Mr. Wilde, a few days ago. She knows well the rare good fortune — no, — the blessing that her husband has received in his friends, — of whom you are the earliest, — & by us both reckoned the perfect man. You may rest assured she has heard in full from Ellen & me the story of what we saw & heard in your house & circle, of a felicity — I think without parallel in my observation, and she rejoices with us therein. I think it would be graceful in you to come once more to your mother Massachusetts & make her proud of her too long absent son. I long to see you in my rebuilt house, and our growing village & its lauded "Public Library," & our Saturday Club in the City (which you must time your visit to embrace,) Mem. last Saturday of each month.)

With kindest regards to Sam Bradford, whom it was a comfort to see, and grateful remembrances to your family,

Affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

## LXXXVI

Concord, June 2.

Dearest Friend,

I hear with joy that you are near and will come nearer to me. Come at once on the receipt of this prayer, and come to stay generously. My wife insists that I shall add her eager wishes to mine.

Your oldest friend,

R. W. EMERSON.

## LXXXVII

June 20, '75.  
Lindenshade.

May I make bold, my dear Waldo, to remind you of your kind offer to send Horace, Herman Grimm's word about Hamlet, after you had possessed yourself of its purport?

We came home something more than a week ago with most pleasant memories of Concord & our New England visit altogether. I suppose I should go there oftener if I would escape missing sadly so many that I loved & venerated. Everything there seemed to me to be in the hands of boys, very good & bright boys indeed, but I would fain have seen the fathers.

Mrs. Furness joins me in friendliest remembrances. With hearty good wishes for you & yours.

Affectionately your *oldest* friend,  
W. H. FURNESS.

## LXXXVIII

My dear William

You are not to be forgiven for failing me on Saturday, — as if anybody in nature except alone your brother James, could prove pre-engagement over me. Your only plea is that it was you who did it, & that I must admit as sovran.

But I cannot come to town today ; am held not with “light irons” to my house & study, — and for days ; yet Thursday or Friday I am to go thro Boston to a “Brown Meeting” in Salem. You will then come out & spend *Wednesday* with me. A train comes at 11 o’c from Fitchburg Depot. That is a good William F. We shall greet you dearly,

RALPH WALDO E.

## LXXXIX

Concord, Dec. 23.<sup>1</sup>

My dear friend,

Your beautiful gift has come safely to me, and charms us all in this house. I think I must carry it to the Town Library for some days to give every one a sight. Happy was the day for me when your father removed his family into Summer Street at the next door to the *First Church* minister's house which my mother was still allowed to hold long after my father's death.

I believe that you and I had met before in the dame's school in Summer Street, to read and spell ; after that, at the Latin School, — and I recall visits to your house on Fort hill. In this long memory I cannot recall any fault in my friend ; but a great heart, as well as great powers. I rejoice in the perfect preservation of his faculties when younger men are losing theirs. Receive the thanks of my wife and daughter & son with

R. W. E.'s.

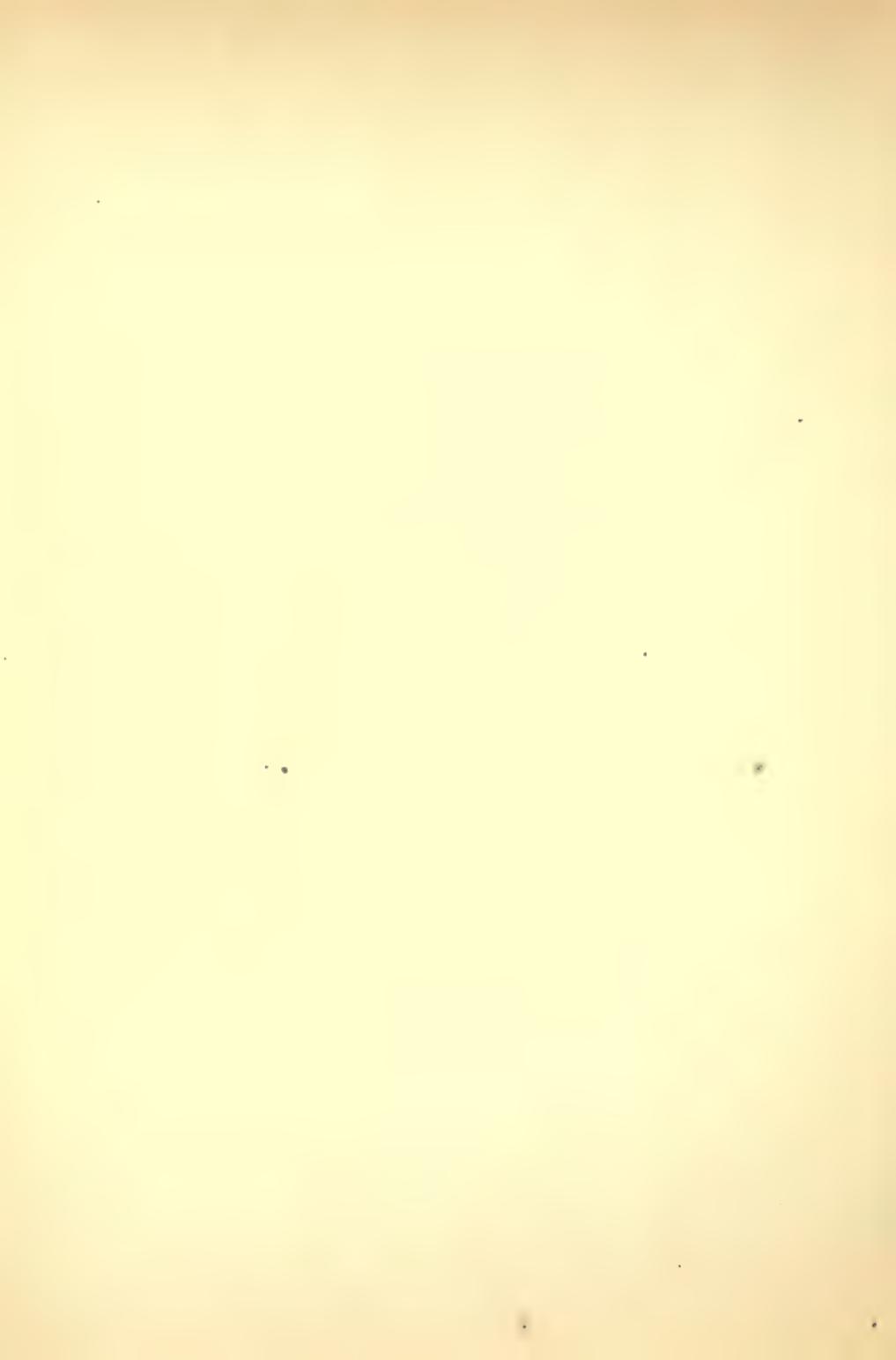
<sup>1</sup> Date unknown, and impossible to fix. Nor is there any clue to the 'beautiful gift.' — ED.

XC

Ellen asks me what message I wish to send you. I tell her immortal love, & the gladness that, though you count more months than I, you have not & shall not, like me, lose the names, when you wish to call them, of your contemporary or antecedent friends & teachers.

RALPH WALDO E.

## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

### FORTUS

THE original MS of this 'Poem' is now owned by the children of the Rev. Daniel Parker Noyes, of Byfield, Massachusetts, to whom it came by bequest from his Aunt, Miss Hannah, daughter of Dr Elijah Parish, Minister of Byfield parish. How it came into the possession of Miss Parish is not known. She was a woman, however, of literary tastes, in touch with the writers of her day, and a 'snapper up of unconsidered trifles.'

The MS, whereof the size is reproduced in the photographs, is enclosed in a paper wrapper, bearing on the inside of the last page the following note:—'This whimsical employment of my time was begun at Bennett Str. when I was 10 years old & completed by various dates to 1816. Cambridge 1821.'

This 'Completion' consists of what are, in the MS itself, termed 'Editors Notes,' appended to the Poem. These 'Notes' are written in a script more mature than that of the Poem itself, and to me are not pleasing. They do not suggest that reverence for youth and the 'angel' therein, which was later a characteristic of Mr. Emerson. They hold up to ridicule certain youthful expressions in the poem, and quite needlessly point out certain obvious defects. The touch is not light, and shows an apparent lack of general appreciation which is unpleasant, and allowable only in the author himself. I have therefore omitted them. We want to see nothing

to the right or to the left, but, directly in front, a little boy in blue nankeen, with frowzled hair, most sunny smile, and his quill pen in a hand not over clean.

On the title-page, after the word 'Emendations' there is in the MS the addition ' & Notes' partly erased. It has been expunged from the photograph. I cannot but believe that the words 'Eighth Edition with Emendations' are also late additions. Not only from the character of the writing, but because the fun of the exaggeration, feeble at best, is not boys' fun at the age of ten.

*The History of  
FORTUS*

In days of chivalry of old  
 When knights perform'd atcheivments bold  
 Fortus the great the strong and brave  
 Who oft had stretch'd his hand to save  
 A helpless damsel from a foe  
 And laid full many a ruffian low  
 Travers'd the earth an errant knight  
 And always conquering in fight,  
 When travelling with his squire one day  
 Beneath the burning sunny ray  
 A damsel not far off he saw  
 Standing before a castle door  
 Brave Fortus turn'd his courser straight  
 And ask'd admission at the gate  
 His small request was not denied  
 And in the knight and squire hied

THE

Emerson

Divinity

K

Fortes

A

POEM

IN

one volume

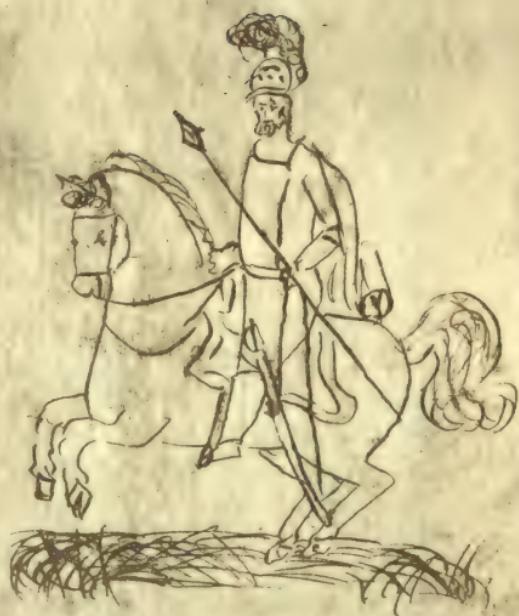
Eighth Edition

With Emendations.

By R.W. Emerson

1815.

Embellished with elegant Engravings  
By W.H. Furness.



Fortus

W.H.F. Recit

# The History of

## FORTUS.

In days of chivalry of old  
When knights performed achievements bold  
Fortus the great the strong and brave  
Who oft had stretch'd his hand to save  
A helpless damsel from a foe  
And laid full many a ruffian low  
Travers'd the earth an errant knight  
And always conquering in fight  
When travelling with his squire one day  
Beneath the burning sun's ray  
A damsel not far off he saw  
Standing before a castle door  
Brave Fortus turn'd his courser straigh  
And ask'd admission at the gate  
His small request was not denied  
And in the knight and squire hied  
A table then was quickly set  
The hungry knight sat down to eat  
And when refresh'd and cool'd they brought  
His steed with trappings richly wrought



A table then was quickly set  
The hungry knight : sat down to eat  
And when refresh'd and cool'd they brought  
His steed with trappings richly wrought  
The damsel coming to him said  
Swear by the honors of that head  
To grant the boon that I demand  
And bring it me with thine own hand  
“ I grant thy boon ” the warrior cries  
And to his steed impatient flies  
Then ask'd her wish “ It is to bring ”  
“ Within these walls a golden ring ”  
“ The expedition sure is hard ”  
“ The precious ring is under guard ”  
“ Of knights and hosts and lions too ”  
“ And winged dragons not a few ”  
“ But if thou find a certain cord ”  
“ Then shalt thou conquer with thy sword ”  
“ The ring is in a gloomy wood ”  
“ Which many a century has stood ”  
“ The cord on which depends thy all ”  
“ Whether thou stand or whether fall ”  
“ Is near and fastened on a tree ”  
“ Cut that and gain the ring for me ”  
“ When thou the fatal cord dost cleave ”  
“ Thy mettled steed at distance leave ”  
“ For if thy courser thou dost bring ”  
“ Thou canst not cut th’ enchanted string ”  
The damsel then mark'd out the way  
In which his expedition lay  
Swift mounted then our fearless knight

And quickly he was out of sight  
He took his path and soon he found  
Himself upon the woody ground  
He then alighted from his horse  
And swift pursued his destin'd course  
He found the cord without delay  
He rais'd his sword and it gave way  
Nor that alone for while he stood  
A groan ascended from the wood  
The forest fell and quick display'd  
Hosts knights and squires in arms array'd  
Brave Fortus stood as still as death  
But soon recovering his breath  
A knight stepp'd forward from the host  
Who seem'd to be the army's boast  
And with his frowns and lowering look  
Courageous Fortus he bespoke  
"Whoe'er thou art who durst appear "  
"Before our soldiers faces here "  
"Tell unto me thy true intent "  
"To get a gold ring art thou sent? "  
"For if thou art I challenge thee "  
"Within the lists to combat me "  
"And if thou take my life away "  
"The ring I freely give to thee "  
Fortus accepts this challenge fair  
And both the combatants prepare.  
While Fortus sought his horse behold  
A sword of solid burnish'd gold  
Appeared before his ravish'd sight  
And scatter'd round it radiant light

While round his head a Phantom flew  
Whose garments were of shining blue  
“Take it and use it 'gainst your foe  
She said and vanish'd in a airy show  
He took the sword and in a scabbard plac'd  
Which in a belt hung dangling at his waist  
Then mounted on his fiery steed  
He rode up to the lists with speed  
Where his opponent arm'd did stand  
With sword uplifted in his hand  
Then fierce together they engage  
Like lions fighting in a rage  
Doubtful the combat long remain'd  
Nor were the blows at all restrain'd  
Both with glory's love inspired  
Both with equal courage fir'd  
Both were obstinate to yield  
Neither would give up the field  
And now the strength of the strange knight  
Begins to fail in bloody fight  
Fortus observes — his strength renew'd  
The knight he flies, & is pursu'd  
The flying knight could not withstand  
The force of Fortus' steady hand  
But conquer'd fell by Fortus' sword  
Threw down his blade and own'd him lord  
Fortus, Compassion in his eyes  
Assists the fall'n knight to rise  
Gives healing balms — it was too late  
His sword had done the work of fate  
The knight fell down upon the plain

Never to rise on earth again.  
One hostile knight now being dead  
Fortus proceeds with steady tread  
Not far he went before another  
The fall'n knight's revengeful brother  
Approach'd & challeng'd — fought & bled  
And soon lay number'd with the dead  
The Hosts now see their Champions lay  
Dead in the field from bloody fray  
Unmov'd in silence long they stood  
Doubting to go again to blood,  
Or to make peace with Fortus bold  
By giving the ring of solid gold  
But now their Generals pointing out  
Their strength, remov'd their doubt  
They show'd two Dragons in their ire  
Snorting thick clouds of smoke & fire  
They look'd and in each strengthen'd hand  
They place sword dagger, lance, or brand  
With coward step along they go  
To meet a single but a dreadful foe.  
Fortus beholds — recovers breath  
Then arms, to do the work of death,  
Then like a Lion bounding o'er his foes  
Swift as the lightning, he to combat rose  
Fairies unseen now hover o'er his head  
Whilst he sends thousands to the gloomy dead  
Unhurt he stands amid ten thousand foes  
And deals unwearied & effectual blows ;  
Six score & twenty thousand 'gan the fray  
Six score alone surviv'd that dreadful day

Ah ! hear the groans of those that bled  
 In that sad plain, o'erlaid with dead  
 Ah ! hear those brothers & those sons deplore  
 Their brothers, fathers, slain in cruel war  
 Oh hear those heartfelt & those saddest groans  
 Here one for father & for brother moans.

Fortus who would not quit the field  
 Till every foe was forc'd to yeild  
 To tender Pity now transform'd his wrath  
 And from the bloody field pursued his path  
 As he from downcast look upturnd his eyes  
 He sees the ramparts of a castle rise  
 In adamantine chains two dragons stood  
 Snorting thick smoke and thirsting dire for blood  
 "Another trial yet ! " brave Fortus cried  
 "Have I O damsel not enough been tried  
 "Yet still at this I will not yet repine  
 "If I can conquer then shalt thou be mine  
 Thus having said he added not a word  
 But straight for Conquest drew his pondrous sword.  
 Then on he rush'd upon them in his pow'r  
 Who can describe that wonder-working hour  
 My Muse is weak O how then could she tell  
 The wondrous things which at that time befel  
 Suffice it then to say long time they fought  
 And Fortus' conquest with his blood was bought  
 The dragons lay extended on the ground  
 Deep peirc'd with many a fatal wound  
 And Fortus' conquer'd — Generous Muse  
 No praises to the brave refuse  
 In tuneful notes his name prolong

Be that the burthen of your song  
Fortus though bloody would not wait  
But flew into the castle gate  
Before his face the Phantom blue  
Bade, & the gates wide open flew  
He enter'd when before his sight  
Appear'd a lady heav'ly bright  
She held the ring without alloy  
Who can describe brave Fortus' joy  
He flew as on the eagle's wing  
The lady rose & gave the ring  
He bow'd, departed, heard a bell  
As soon as which—the castle fell  
He look'd but not a trace was found  
The place was level with the ground  
Fortus now mounts his mettled steed  
And rides along at fullest speed  
O'er rising hills & sinking vales  
O'er pleasant plains & flowery dales  
And now before his happy eyes  
The Damsel's towers at length arise  
The steed his master's voice perceives  
And bounding on each forest leaves  
Fortus now leaping from his steed  
Leaves him in open plains to feed  
He lingers not he cannot wait  
But knocks at the high castle gate  
The castle's portals open'd wide  
And in the noble Fortus hied  
He gave the ring to her he lov'd  
For now his constancy was prov'd





"He gave the ring to her he loved"

W.H.B. fecit.

Fortus now leaping from his steed  
Leaves him in open plains to  
He lingers not he cannot wait  
But knocks at the high castle  
The castle's portals great <sup>gate</sup> wide  
And in the noble <sup>Fortus</sup> tied  
He gave the ring to her he lov'd  
For now his constancy was prov'd  
They lov'd - & soon in wedlock's bairn  
In mystial vows were join'd their <sup>hands</sup>

FINIS.

R. Emerson.



They lov'd—& soon in wedlock's bands  
In nuptial vows were join'd their hands

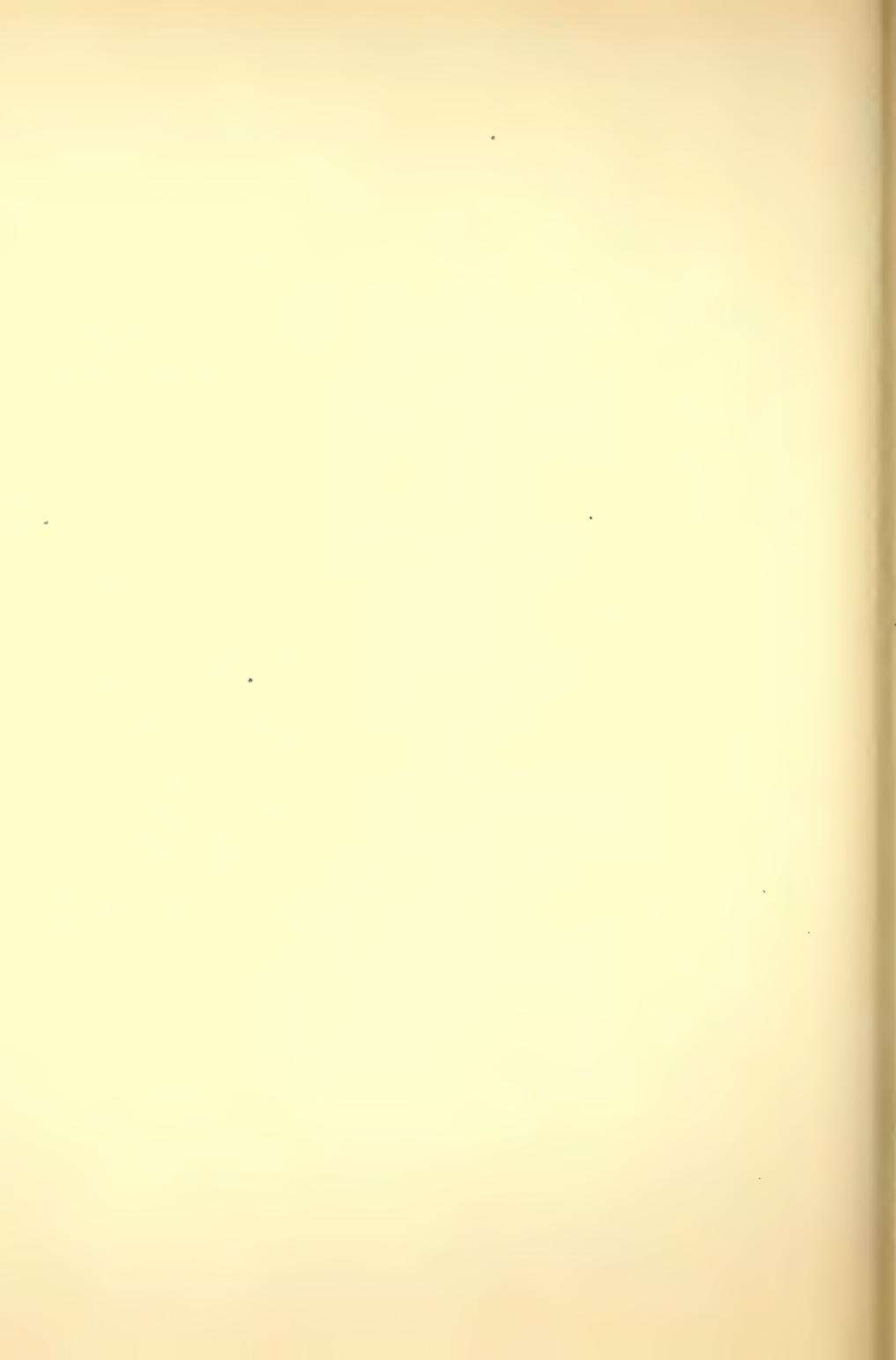
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